

NO. 33

MAY
NO. 33

ALL-TRUE
CRIME

MAR
CON

CASES

COMICS

* 10¢

TRUE CASES PROVING CRIME CAN'T WIN!

**COME ON, DINTON,
STOP WASTIN' TIME!
YOU WANT US ALL TO
LAND IN THE CLINK
ON ACCOUNTA THAT
MUTT? I'M GETTIN'
SICK OF YOU ALWAYS
ACTIN' OFF YER NUT
ABOUT ANIMALS!**

**YOU CLUMSY IDIOT!
I OUGHTTA SMASH
YOUR STUPID HEAD
IN! YOU STEPPED ON
THAT SPANIEL'S TAIL!
DON'T YOU HAVE ANY
REGARD FOR DUMB
ANIMALS, YOU
BEETLE-BROWED
NUMBSKULL?**

D-DON'T
SHOOT,
MISTER!
I AIN'T
MOVIN'!

DON'T, DINTON!
I DIDN'T MEAN
IT... HONEST!
I DIDN'T SEE...
OWW!

ARE!

**THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF
DINTON PHILLIPS, THE COLD-
BLOODED KILLER WHO WOULDN'T
HURT A FLEA!**

NET IT'S A HIT! ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 912 Front St., Halyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME—DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS DAD... THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEAMED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!



I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!



WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Big 14 x 16 in.

STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY

INNING

Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL

HOME RUN **FLY OUT** **DOUBLE** **TRIPLE** **SINGLE**

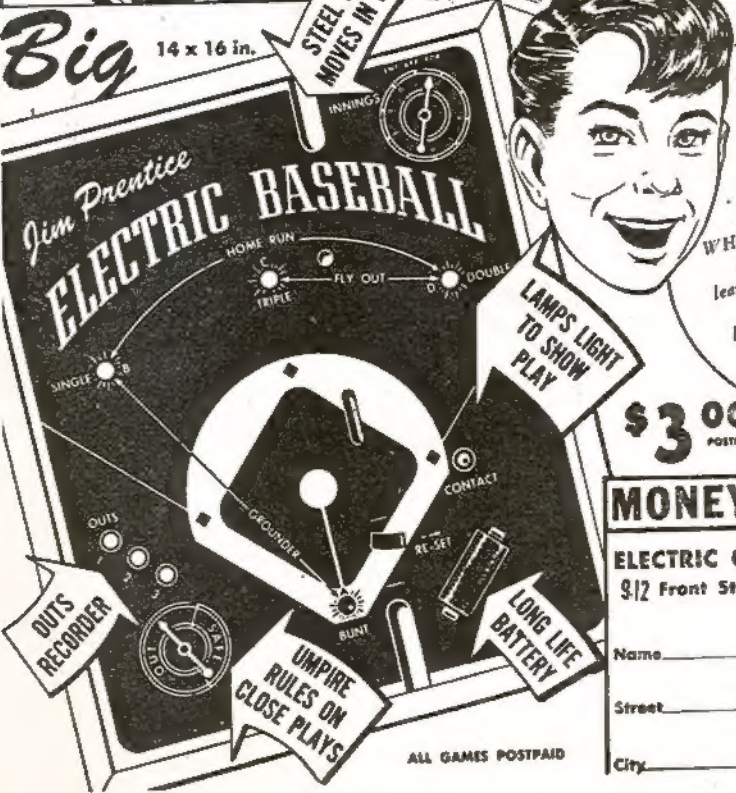
OUTS RECORDER

UMPIRE RULES ON CLOSE PLAYS

LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW PLAY

LONG LIFE BATTERY

ALL GAMES POSTPAID



Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "con-act" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times.

Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built

\$3 00 POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (4-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin \$1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on delivery. **WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
912 Front St., Halyoke, Mass.

\$3 00	\$2 50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

C.O.D. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

DINTON PHILLIPS

THIS COLD-BLOODED KILLER HATED TO HARM ANY ANIMAL,
SO WHAT MORE IRONICAL END COULD HE HAVE HAD, THEN
TO DIE BECAUSE OF....!!

IT WAS THE NIGHT
BEFORE CHRISTMAS, 1939/
NOT A CREATURE WAS
STIRRING, NOT EVEN A
MOUSE-- BUT A RAT CALLED
DINTON PHILLIPS WAS
VERY BUSY!

DON'T TAKE
ALL NIGHT, DINTON!
A COP MIGHT COME
ALONG AN' ASK A
LOT OF QUESTIONS
I WON'T KNOW THE
ANSWERS TO!

JUST SIT THERE WITH YOUR
DUMB FACE HANGING OUT!
YOU'RE SO STUPID-LOOKING
ANY COP'LL THINK YOU'RE
DEAD AN' LEAVE YOU ALONE!
WE'LL BE BACK IN A HALF
HOUR, SAM, IF EVERYTHIN'
GOES ACCORDIN' TO
HOYLE!

AN
ALL-TRUE
CRIME STORY

5186

THE SAFE'S IN
THE LIBRARY,
UNDER A
PICTURE OF
COL. LUCAS!
WE CAN...
NOW WHAT?

DINTON FOUND
AN ANIMAL! IT
DON'T MATTER
IF IT'S MADE
OF IRON-- AS
LONG AS IT
LOOKS LIKE AN
ANIMAL! TOO
BAD YOU AIN'T
GOT PEANUTS TO
FEED IT, DINTON!

THERE AIN'T ENOUGH
OF THESE IRON
DEERS ON LAWNS
THESE DAYS!
I REMEMBER
MY AUNT
USED TO HAVE
ONE OF THESE
IRON DEERS IN
FRONT OF THE
HOUSE-- I USED
TO SIT ON IT
ALL DAY AND
PRETEND I WAS
SANTA CLAUS!

THAT WAS
YEARS AGO!
TONIGHT COLONEL
LUCAS PLAYS
SANTA CLAUS!
HOLY CATS!
WHAT'S THIS?
A ZOO?!

NO! IT'S COLONEL
LUCAS' TROPHY
ROOM! COME
INSIDE IF YOU
WANT TO SEE
ANIMALS, DINTON!
YOU'RE GOIN' TO
LIKE THIS JOB--
IT'S COMBININ'
BUSINESS WITH
PLEASURE!

WHERE'S
ANIMALS?
I DON'T HEAR
NO ANIMALS...

YOU CAN'T HEAR
'EM AN' YOU CAN'T
SMELL 'EM-- BUT
THEY'RE HANGIN'
FROM THE WALLS
JUST THE SAME!
BEAUTIFUL, AIN'T
THEY?

AW, NUTS!
THERE AIN'T
NO ANIMAL
THAT CAN
COMPARE WITH
THE BUFFALO
ON THE BACK
OF A NICKEL--

AN' THERE'S A
FORTUNE IN NICKELS
BEHIND THE COLONEL'S
PICTURE!

YOU DIRTY
CHUMPS!
YOU CAN'T
KID ABOUT POOR
DEAD ANIMALS!
NOT WHILE
I'M AROUND!



(GASP!)...LET ME GO! ARE YOU CRAZY? BEN! TAKE HIM AWAY! (COUGH!)

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME LUCAS WAS A BIG-GAME HUNTER? YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT PEOPLE MISTREATIN' ANIMALS!

SO WHY TAKE IT OUT ON KI-KI? KI-KI DIDN'T SHOOT THEM! CHOKE THE COLONEL!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL SHOW THAT YELLOW SKUNK! I'LL SMASH LAMPS AND STATUES! ...THAT SHOULD BRING THE OLD FOOL RUNNING!

BUT DINTON ... HE MIGHT CALL THE COPS!

SHHH... LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE! WE'LL BLOW THE SAFE-- DINTON CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!

(GASP!) IT'S ROBBERS, COLONEL! THEY'RE BLOWING UP YOUR SAFE!

RAISE 'EM, COLONEL! GET A NICE LONG TASTE OF HOW IT FEELS TO BE LOOKIN' DOWN A GUN BARREL BEFORE IT GOES OFF IN YOUR FACE!



I'M SPEAKIN' FOR THE ANIMALS YOU KILLED, COLONEL! YOU'RE AN OLD GUY, SO YOU MUST'VE MURDERED HUNDREDS LIKE THE BEASTS YOU STUFFED HERE!

MURDERED?!-- BUT, MY DEAR FELLOW, I'M A HUNTER! HUNTING ANIMALS IS MY HOBBY!

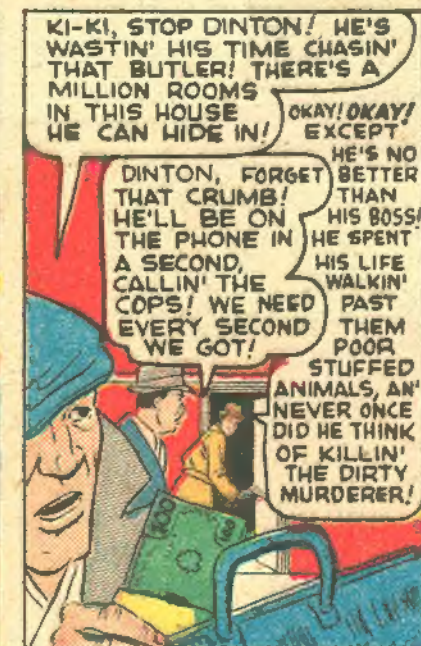
BOOOM!



AN' KILLIN' HUNTERS IS MY HOBBY!

UGHWWW!

GOOD GRACIOUS! MAYBE SHOOTING BUTLERS IS HIS HOBBY, TOO?!... I MUST GET OUT OF HERE! THE MAN'S MAD!



KI-KI, STOP DINTON! HE'S WASTIN' HIS TIME CHASIN' THAT BUTLER! THERE'S A MILLION ROOMS IN THIS HOUSE HE CAN HIDE IN!

OKAY! OKAY! EXCEPT--

DINTON, FORGET THAT CRUMB! HE'LL BE ON THE PHONE IN A SECOND, CALLIN' THE COPS! WE NEED EVERY SECOND WE GOT!

HE'S NO BETTER THAN HIS BOSS! HE SPENT HIS LIFE WALKIN' PAST THEM POOR STUFFED ANIMALS, AN' NEVER ONCE DID HE THINK OF KILLIN' THE DIRTY MURDERER!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

YOU SAY THAT TWO OF THE BURGLARS APPEARED TO BE ORDINARY CROOKS, BUT THE ONE WHO KILLED THE COLONEL WAS A MADMAN?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR-- A MADMAN! WHAT ELSE CAN YOU CALL SOMEONE WHO DELIBERATELY KILLS A PERSON IN COLD BLOOD JUST BECAUSE HE HAPPENS TO HAVE STUFFED ANIMALS AROUND THE ROOM?



AND IN A DOWNTOWN BISTRO...

WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST FOR A SPECIAL NEWS FLASH-- COLONEL PHILLIPS, INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN BIG-GAME HUNTER, WAS MURDERED TONIGHT BY A SENTIMENTAL GUNMAN WHO ALLEGEDLY SHOT THE COLONEL BECAUSE OF THE LATTER'S, QUOTE, "SINS AGAINST ANIMALS!" UNQUOTE. HEAR THAT, FOLKS!? THERE'S A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART! IF A GUY CAN'T BE KIND TO ANIMALS HE DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE! HERE'S A TOAST TO THAT GUNMAN!

PSST... QUIET, DINTON, YOU'RE ATTRACTING ATTENTION!

DON'T INTERRUPT ME! AS I SAID, HERE'S TO THAT GUNMAN! MAY HE KILL MORE LICE WHO AIN'T KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT GUY, FOLKS! THEY OFTEN GET MUSHY AFTER A COUPLE OF SNORTS, ESPECIALLY ABOUT DUMB ANIMALS!

THE DUMBEST OF THE ANIMALS IS DINTON! HE CARRIES HIS LOVE FOR ANIMALS TOO FAR! TONIGHT'S NUTTINESS CAN STICK ALL OF US IN THE HOT SEAT!

THE NEXT MORNING... WAKE UP, DINTON! IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING! GET A LOAD OF THAT SNOW THAT CAME DOWN DURING THE NIGHT!

...DID YOU WAKE ME UP JUST TO TELL ME THAT?

YOU'RE A DOPE, SAM! YOU OUGHTA KNOW THE ONLY WEATHER DINTON'S INTERESTED IN IS WHEN IT'S RAININ' CATS AN' DOGS! ...THERE'S GOT TO BE AN ANIMAL IN IT SOMEWHERE!

AHHHH! GIVE ME PIE AN' MILK FOR BREAKFAST EVERY MORNIN'-- YOU SHMOOS CAN CORRODE THE INSIDE OF YOUR GIZZARDS WITH RYE!

KI-KI! YOU DOPEY GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN' PIG! YOU'RE DRINKIN' UP THE MILK I SAVED FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD CATS!

I OUGHTA CUT YOUR HEART OUT--EXCEPT A GUY LIKE YOU AIN'T GOT A HEART--YOU'RE ALL STOMACH!

OWWWW!

SEE, WISE GUY? ME...I'M SMART! THE CATS AN' DOGS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD DON'T DRINK BOURBON!

I DON'T WANT TO MAKE YOU FEEL BAD, ANIMAL-LOVER! BUT THEM CATS DOUBLE-CROSS YOU EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK! YOU'RE A GRASS EATER--YOU DON'T EAT MEAT--YOU'RE A STRICT VEGETARIAN--BUT THEM CATS EAT ALL THE MICE THEY CAN SINK THEIR TEETH INTO! AIN'T MICE ANIMALS TOO?

IT AIN'T THEIR FAULT! CATS GOTTA EAT SOMETHIN' TO STAY ALIVE! IF MORE PEOPLE GAVE CATS MILK, THEY'D BE VEGETARIANS TOO!

HMMM... SANTA CLAUS SURE GAVE ME THE GO-BY...MAYBE IT'S THE HOLE IN THE TOE! MAYBE SANTA FIGURED THAT WHATEVER HE'D PUT IN WOULD FALL OUT!

GIMME THAT BREAD! YOU KNOW I NEED IT FOR THE BIRDS! GO ANSWER THE PHONE!

BALONEY! THE SMELL SCARED HIM AWAY!

BRINNGGG

IT'S FOR OUR BIRD LOVER...IT'S YOUR GIRL FRIEND, TILLY! TILLY WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU BOUGHT HER FOR CHRISTMAS! I TOLD HER A DOG COLLAR!

YOU GET SMARTER EVERYDAY, SAM! ONE OF THESE DAYS, YOU'RE GONNA GET TOO SMART TO LIVE!

I'M ANGRY AT YOU, DINTON! YOU BROKE OUR DATE LAST NIGHT TO GO TRAIPSING OFF SOMEWHERE! NOW I WAKE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING AND NO CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

THAT'S BECAUSE I GOTTA DELIVER MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN PERSON! YOU STAY PUT, TILLY, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

BUT WHERE'RE YOU GONNA FIND A STORE OPEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY?

LEAVE IT TO ME! I KNOW HOW TO OPEN THEM! NOW REMEMBER, BEN, I'M TRUSTIN' YOU! FEED THEM BIRDS! SNOW'S MURDER FOR BIRDS UNLESS THEY FIND CRUMBS!

WHAT A CUCKOO! HOW'D I GET MIXED UP WITH THIS GUY?

SHORTLY...

THIS IS IT! MOST OF THE PET SHOP OWNERS LIVE IN BACK OF THEIR STORES--I'LL GO UP TO THE ROOF AND COME DOWN ON THE FIRE ESCAPE!

HEY, THERE, YOU OLD BUM! OPEN UP! I WANT TO BUY SOME PETS...

THIS IS CHRISTMAS DAY! THE STORE IS CLOSED! GO AWAY OR I'LL CALL A COP!

IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT'LL MAKE ME CROAK A GUY, IT'S TO HEAR HIM SAY HE'LL CALL A COP! THIS GUYAIN'T GOT NO BUSINESS RUNNIN' A PET SHOP! HE'S A DOPE--I'LL BET HE STARVES HIS ANIMALS TO SAVE A COUPLA CENTS!

GOOD GOSH--HE'S BREAKING IN! (GROAN!) AND THE TENANTS UPSTAIRS WENT AWAY FOR CHRISTMAS! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

CRASH!

HMMM...I'D BETTER NOT BLAST HIM WITH THE GUN--BIRDS GOT VERY SENSITIVE AUDITORY SYSTEMS! EXPLOSIONS CAN DRIVE BIRDS CRAZY, POOR THINGS! I'D BETTER CHOKE THE OLD BUM!

OPERATOR!

WHERE'S THE OPERATOR? (GASP!) I NEED THE POLICE! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME... (GASP!) **OPERATOR!**

NO! NO! DON'T YOU...UURGH... ONLY A RIGHT GUY DESERVES TO BE WITH ANIMALS! A WRONGO LIKE YOU, POP, GOT NO BUSINESS BEIN' AROUND HERE!

NUMBER PLEASE!

I MIGHT'VE KNOWN IT! HE WAS STARVIN' HIS PETS! LOOK AT THEM CANARIES GO FOR THE SEEDS! THEY AIN'T EATEN IN A WEEK! YOU OLD BUM, IF YOU DON'T FEED THOSE BIRDS GOOD, I'M GONNA BE SORRY I LEGGO YER NECK WHILE YA WUZZ STILL BREATHIN'!

AN HOUR LATER...

ON YOUR FEET, CHUMPS! I DROPPED IN BEFORE I WENT TO TILLY'S! SANTY CLAUS BRUNG YOU PRESENTS--EACH ONE HAND-PICKED!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, WHAT SMELLS SO BAD?

SHUT UP! YOU'RE INSULTIN' AN ANIMAL...YOUR PRESENT IS A SKUNK, BECAUSE A SKUNK'S WHAT YOU REMIND ME OF!

OOWWWW!

I...I GET A PIG!

YOU DON'T DESERVE 'EM--BOTH OF YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THE ANIMALS! YOU RESEMBLE! SO LONG, BOYS, PLAY WITH YOUR PETS AND DON'T GO OUT IN THE COLD--ANIMALS CATCH COLD EASY! **MERRY CHRISTMAS, CHUMPS! HEH! HEH!**

N' ME A... A... **MONKEY?!**

LATER, AT TILLY POWER'S APARTMENT...

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, DINTON, WHAT ARE YOU TRUCKING INTO MY HOUSE?

YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT, BABY-- TWO SINGIN' CANARIES!

YOU SING AT A NIGHT CLUB-- THESE LITTLE CUTIE PIES SING ANY PLACE! YOU'RE BOTH CANARIES! SO WHAT COULD BE NICER THAN TO GIVE A HUMAN CANARY SOME BIRD CANARIES? GET THE POINT, BABY?

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT'S ALL I'M GETTIN' FOR CHRISTMAS? TWO DUMB SINGIN' CANARIES?

JUST A MINUTE! CANARIES AIN'T DUMB! ANIMALS OR BIRDS ARE A DARN SIGHT LESS DUMB THAN HUMAN BEIN'S!

THE LEAST YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT ME FOR CHRISTMAS WAS AN ERMINE JACKET OR A MINK COAT! BUT YOU, YOU PIKER, YOU WOULDN'T EVEN BRING ME A MONKEY WRAP!

YOU WANT TO HAVE ANIMALS **KILLED** SO THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT! OF ALL THE --!

YIEEEE!

CRASH!

GOLLY! HE GETS CRAZIER ABOUT ANIMALS EVERY DAY! HE BELONGS IN A SQUIRREL CAGE!

I'M DISGUSTED WITH HUMAN BEIN'S! I'M GOIN' TO THE HORSE SHOW!

TIME MARCHED ON BUT, AS FAR AS DINTON PHILLIPS WAS CONCERNED, HE GOT **WORSE** IF ANYTHING!

LOOK AT THEM, THE DIRTY MURDERERS! KILLIN' ANIMALS EVERY DAY TO FILL THEIR FAT MURDERIN' BELLIES! COWS, DUCKS, CHICKENS, FISH--LIKE IF ANIMALS DIDN'T HAVE FEELIN'S, TOO! I FEEL LIKE SLAUGHTERIN' THE PACK OF THEM!

COME ON, DINTON, PLEASE! EVERYONE'S **LOOKING** AT YOU!

RESTAURANT

THERE OUGHT TO BE A HUNTIN' SEASON ON **HUMAN BEIN'S!** DOWN WITH HUMAN BEIN'S!

GREAT SCOTT! WHO'S THAT LUNATIC?!

LET'S SCRAM DINTON-- BEFORE YOU GET US ALL IN THE JUG!

DEER HUNTERS! DUCK HUNTERS! MOOSE HUNTERS! RABBIT HUNTERS! THIS IS THE HUNTING SEASON! BUY YOUR HUNTING GUNS EARLY!

CRASHHHH!

ARE WE GOIN' INTO THE BACK ROOM TO TALK OVER YOU-KNOW-WHAT, OR ARE YA GONNA PAT THAT TABBY'S BACK ALL NIGHT?

I LIKE TO SEE A MAN TAKE CARE OF CATS! WHAT DO YOU FEED 'EM THAT MAKES 'EM SO FAT?

BULL LIVER! I RUN THE LIVER THROUGH THE GRINDER-- RAW! IT BLOWS THE PUSSIES UP LIKE BALLOONS... GIVBS 'EM A WHOLE OF AN APPETITE FOR EATIN' RATS!

BONG! BONG!

WHAT'D I SAY TO DESERVE **THIS?** LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! I WON'T PATRONIZE A SLAUGHTER HOUSE! THIS BUM GETS BULLS KILLED TO FEED THEIR LIVERS TO CATS TO GET **RATS** KILLED! HE'S A **MURDERER!**

A HALF HOUR LATER... I HOPE YOU GUYS GOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHT! WE'RE HITTING THREE STORES--ALL IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD--WITHIN TEN MINUTES! EVERYTHIN'S GOTTA GO LIKE CLOCK-WORK! IF ONE OF THE STORE-KEEPERS TRIES SLOWIN' US UP, TAKE CARE OF HIM!

THEN WE CUT ACROSS THE PARK! OKAY, GET STARTED!

THIS'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT BAKERY STICKUPS--YOU ALWAYS GET SOMETHIN' INTERESTIN' BESIDES MONEY

WHAT'S TAKIN' SO LONG, BEN?

THESE DARN PENNIES SLOW ME UP! IT TAKES **HOURS** SCOOPIN' EM UP INTO THE BAG!

THE WAY THESE STOREKEEPER'LL PUT UP A FIGHT, OVER A STUPID COUPLA BUCKS HANDS ME A LAUGH!

ONE THING A GROCERY HAS OVER A BAKERY--BAKERIES GOT NO SOUR PICKLES... UMM!

UGHNN!

HELP! POLICE!

YES, MADAME! RIGHT AWAY!

THAT WAS THE **THIRD** CALL IN TEN MINUTES REPORTING A STICKUP ALONG PARK STREET! SOME MOB MUST BE MAKING A COOK'S TOUR! ALL OF YOU GUYS GET GOING--THIS MOB IS TRIGGER-HAPPY!

TEN MINUTES LATER... THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CAR! PULL UP ALONGSIDE AND WE'LL GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER!

(GASP!) COPS! I TOLD THAT SQUIRREL-MEAT DINTON WE WERE PUSHIN' OUR LUCK TOO FAR! I CAN'T WAIT FOR THEM TO COME OUT! I'LL BE NAILED, SURE!

CAR 45 REPORTING! WE'RE CHASING A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CAR! WHICH WAS PARKED AT THE CORNER OF PARK AND NINTH!

MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO CUT ACROSS THE PARK ENTRANCE!

I'LL TRY TO PUNCTURE HIS TIRES!

YOU **BET** YOU HEARD A MACHINE GUN, DINTON! SAM'S GONE! HE SCRAMMED INTO THE PARK WITH A PATROL CAR ON HIS TRAIL!

I HOPE THEY KILL THE ROTTEN DOUBLE CROSSER!

CRAT-TAT-TAT!

HERE COMES ANOTHER COP CAR! (GROAN!)... THEY'LL BE SWARMIN' ALL OVER OUR NECKS IN A MINUTE!

NOT IF YOU STOP WHININ' AND MAKE TRACKS! THE COPPERS'LL NEVER FIND US IN THE PARK! FOLLOW MY LEAD!

LOOK! THERE THEY ARE-- GOING OVER THE WALL!

RRRRRR!

MEANWHILE, SAM PROVES DINTON PHILLIPS PROPHETIC...

WE GOT HIS TIRE!

HE'S LOSING CONTROL OF THE CAR! HE'S HEADING FOR THE TREES!

I CAN'T HOLD HER STRAIGHT! ...SHE'S GOING TO...

BANG!

THAT DOES IT! HE'S A GONER!

EEEEAAA!

CRASH!

HERE ARE MORE FOOTPRINTS-- THEY WENT THIS WAY!

I KNOW THIS PARK WELL-- IT'S PART OF MY BEAT! THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE ZOO! PROBABLY TO RETURN TO THE HYENA CAGE!

OH, NO, JIM! THAT WOULD BE LIBELING THE HYENAS! THESE LUGS ARE FAR MORE BESTIAL!

US HIDE OUT IN A BEAR PIT TILL MORNING?! YOU'RE CRAZY, DINTON! COME ON, KI-KI!

YOU SAID IT! I WASN'T BORN TO WIND UP IN A POLAR BEAR'S BELLY!

YOU FOOLS! ANIMALS WON'T HURT YOU IF THEY KNOW YOU'RE THEIR FRIENDS! OKAY... **DON'T** TAKE MY ADVICE! YOU'LL BE NABBED WHILE I'LL CLIMB OUT OF THIS BEAR CAVE A FREE MAN!

TAKE IT EASY, PAL-- I'M YOUR FRIEND. SEE? YOUR FRIEND! I'M EVERY ANIMAL'S FRIEND! YEOWWW!

GRROWRR!

PPPP!

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ME! THEY WANT TO KILL ME!... STAY AWAY!

GROWWRRRR!

STAY AWAY! OH...(GASP!) ...HELP! THEY WANT TO KILL ME!

BANG! BANG!

HELP! THEY'RE GOING TO RUSH ME!!... **HELP!** GET 'EM AWAY FROM ME!

GET A LOAD OF THAT!

HMM... THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN A RATTLESNAKE IN A BEAR PIT!

THE NEXT MORNING... SO THEY GOT HIM...

JUST BECAUSE HE TRUSTED ANIMALS! MAYBE THE FOOL'S LEARNED HIS LESSON NOW!

NOT HIM! EVEN WALKIN' DOWN THE LAST MILE, DINTON'LL SAY IT WASN'T THE BEAR'S FAULT! HE'LL SAY IT'S MAN WHO'S MADE AN ENEMY OF ANIMALS AN' THE POOR CRITTERS JUST TOOK THEIR REVENGE!

ANIMAL LOVER TRAPPED IN BEAR-PIT

AND IN THE SUCCEEDING WEEKS--

WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT, DINTON PHILLIPS, GUILTY OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER!

I'M SUNK ONCE I REACH THE DEATH HOUSE! IF I'M TO ESCAPE AT ALL, IT'S GOT TO BE OFF THIS TRAIN!

THIS WINDOW PANE ISN'T MADE OF SAFETY GLASS! GOIN' THROUGH IT WILL BE AS EASY AS A KNIFE GOING THROUGH BUTTER! I JUST GOTTA PICK MY SPOT...

HERE'S NICE, SWAMPY LAND--THE COPPER DOESN'T LIVE WHO CAN TRAIL ME THROUGH IT!

HEY, COPPER, MIND IF I GET DOWN ONE OF MY MAGAZINES?

GO AHEAD! JUST BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T FALL!

ME, I'M LIKE A CAT, COPPER! I ALWAYS LAND ON MY FEET!

HOLY MACKERAL! STOP THE TRAIN!

CRASH!

DON'T GO INTO THE SWAMP, OFFICER--YOU WON'T FIND HIM WITHOUT A BLOODHOUND! THERE'S A SHERIFF AT DANFORTH, A MILE FROM HERE--HE'S GOT A HOUND THAT CAN FIND AN INVISIBLE MAN!

ALL RIGHT! THEN TAKE US THERE QUICKLY!

AN HOUR LATER, AS THE BLOODHOUND SNIFFS OUT DINTON'S HIDING PLACE!

SNIFF! SNIFF!

I KNEW I HEARD SOMETHIN' MOVIN' AROUND IN THE UNDERBRUSH... IT'S A BLOODHOUND!

THIS IS GONNA BREAK MY HEART, POOCH, BUT IT'S EITHER YOU OR ME! ONE GOOD WHACK AN' IT'LL BE ALL OVER!

GRROWRRR!

WHY SHOULD I FEEL BAD ABOUT THAT MUTT-- HE WAS A COPPER'S DOG, WASN'T HE?... HERE COMES A CAR! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT! I'LL PRETEND I'M HURT!

HI, THERE! HI! STOP! I'M WOUNDED--

ANYTHING I CAN DO?-- UGHUUUU!

YEAH! FALL DOWN!

WELL, WELL! I SURE CAN PICK 'EM! I KAYO A CIRCUS-ANIMAL SALESMAN AND, TO SHOW HE HAS NO HARD FEELINGS, HE GIVES ME A CAR WITH A FULL TANK AND A CUTE BABY LEOPARD, BESIDES! THIS'S WHAT I CALL HOSPITALITY!

QUEST BROTHER CIRCUS DUE IN DANFORTH JUNE 9, 1940

SEVERAL HOURS LATER AT TILLY POWERS APARTMENT--

D-DINTON--

SHUT UP! I ESCAPED! THE CAR I STOLE IS DOWNSTAIRS! BEN GET RID OF IT! KI-KI, GIVE THE BABY LEOPARD SOME MILK! TILLY, HELP ME TO THE COUCH! IF I DON'T GET SOME SLEEP I'LL CROAK...

HI, DINTON! THE BOYS'VE BEEN HIDIN' OUT HERE WHILE I'VE BEEN STAYING AT PEG'S APARTMENT!

END OF THE ROAD, DINTON! THERE AIN'T A CENT IN OUR POCKETS!

THAT CARROT YOU'RE FEEDIN' BESSIE IS THE LAST FOOD IN THE HOUSE! SHOW BUSINESS IS BAD... I'M OUT OF WORK INDEFINITELY!

OKAY, THEN WE PULL A JOB TONIGHT! WE'LL LOCK BESSIE IN HER PADDED CELL AN' BRING HOME THE BACON--UH-- I--MEAN SOUPGREENS!

AFTER WE GET THE DOUGH, WE BEAT IT BACK TO THE HOUSE-- THAT'S IF THERE'S ANY COPS ON OUR TRAIL! BEN, KIKI, YOU TAKE CARE OF THOSE TWO HOTEL DICKS BEFORE THEY SIZE UP THE SITUATION! WITH THEM OUTTA THE WAY, WE'LL DODGE THAT MUCH LESS LEAD!

WELL, DINTON! NOW THAT YOU'VE SLEPT FOR 40 HOURS STRAIGHT, WHAT NEXT? WHAT'RE YOUR PLANS?

TO STAY PUT HERE WHERE THE COPS W'LL NEVER FIND ME FOR SIX MONTHS I'M GOIN' TO LIVE OFF THE DOUGH WE'VE STOLEN AND TRAIN THAT LEOPARD TO BE A VEGETARIAN! TILLY, YOU WON'T MIND!

WHY SHOULD I OBJECT TO A LEOPARD IN MY APARTMENT WHILE I'M GONE!??!

AND SO, FOR SIX MONTHS, DINTON DODGED A MANHUNT AND BROUGHT UP A LEOPARD!

YEP, BESSIE, THIS SOUND-PROOF-ING'S FOR YOU, SO'S THE NEIGHBORS CAN'T HEAR THERE'S A LEOPARD IN THE HOUSE!

IT DON'T MAKE SENSE, YOU FEEDIN' BESSIE TURNIPS! THIS BOOK SAYS LEOPARDS ARE TREACHEROUS, BLOOD THIRSTY, AN' CUNNING! THEY'LL EAT ANYTHING THEY CAN OVERCOME, BEING ESPECIALLY FOND OF DOGS!

BALONEY! I'LL STAKE MY TRAININ' AGAINST THAT BOOK ANYTIME!

SO LONG, BESSIE! WE'LL BE BACK IN A HOUR WITH SOME NICE, JUICY EGGPLANT! YOU LIKE EGGPLANT, DON'T YOU, BESSIE? SURE YOU DO, GAL!...

GRRRR!

WHAT'S FIRST ON THE PROGRAM, DINTON? STEAL A CAR?

NO! WHY WASTE TIME AN' EFFORT WHEN WE'VE GOT SWEET PICKIN'S A BLOCK AWAY? I NEVER HEISTED A HOTEL...I'LL BET THERE'S BIG MONEY IN IT, IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID TO DO SOME TRIGGER-PULLIN'!

GOT A MATCH, BUD?

SURE, I-- AIEEEEE!

THANKS!

BEN! THAT OTHER FLATFOOT ON THE BALCONY! HE'S PULLIN' A GUN!

HE'S MY MEAT!

BANG! BANG!

I GOT HIM... (GASP!) DINTON! SOMEBODY TOUCHED OFF AN ALARM!

CLANG! CLANG!

YEAH! IT WAS THAT CASHIER! HE'LL PAY FOR IT, DON'T WORRY!

ANOTHER SECOND HURRY, DINTON! THAT ALARM IS BE SET TO GO! CRAZY!

CLANG! CLANG!

GROWRRR!

COME ON, DINTON! WE'LL ALL LAND IN STIR ON ACCOUNT OF THAT MUTT!

YOU CLUMSY IDIOT! YOU STEPPED ON THAT SPANIEL'S TAIL, YOU BEETLE-BROWED NUMBSKULL!

I DIDN'T MEAN IT, DINTON! ...OWWW!

COPS! HOLD 'EM OFF BEN, WHILE I GET A CAB!

NOW HE THINKS OF A GETAWAY CAB...

LET 'EM HAVE IT, JOE! TROUBLE IS WHAT THEY WANT!

MANCHESTER HOTEL

A MINUTE LATER... DISASTER!

DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED, TILLY! IN THIS RACKET IT'S EVERY GUY FOR HIMSELF! WE'VE GOT TO STEER CLEAR OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD FOR A WEEK AT LEAST!

DINTON! DON'T LEAVE US! WE... ARGHHH!

OHHHHH!

WITH TWO OF THE RUTHLESS MANCHESTER HOTEL KILLERS DEAD, THE SEARCH GOES ON FOR THE MAN AND WOMAN WHO ESCAPED!

WHY SO SAD, DINTON? WE'RE GOING HOME TOMORROW!

I'M THINKIN' OF BESSIE! POOR BESSIE AIN'T EATEN IN A WEEK!

I'M AFRAID TO GO IN! MAYBE BESSIE'S CHANGED, MAYBE...

MAYBE NUTS! WHEN I TRAIN 'EM, THEY STAY TRAINED! YOU WAIT OUT HERE!

HERE, BESSIE! LOOK WHAT I BROUGHT YOU! MILK, TURNIPS... B-BESSIE! WHAT'S WRONG? DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? HERE ARE CARROTS!

GROWRR! GRRR!

SHE'S BECOME A MAN-EATER AGAIN! DINTON!

BESSIE! NO! BESSIE... YIEEE!

AFTER TILLY'S HYSTERICAL SCREAMS BROUGHT THE POLICE...

MAYBE THINGS WERE MEANT TO END THIS WAY, BUT IT SEEMS A SHAME! DINTON LOVED ANIMALS SO MUCH!

IN A WAY, IT WAS A JUST END, FOR DINTON PHILLIPS WAS MORE OF A BEAST THAN ANY ANIMAL!

THE END



MARVEL COMIC GROUP

*A letter
to our readers
and their
PARENTS!*

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that In England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Defoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to read what they wanted to read. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called *Robinson Crusoe* "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

RED UNIT

ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DeVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMICS
KID COLE
LANA

MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MIE
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR

FRANK LEASON

THE MAN THEY CALLED:
"MADMAN!"

"SOMEWHERE IN OUR CITY THIS SICK MAN WALKS... WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE!"

AN
ALL-TRUE
CRIME STORY

BORN -
1912
DIED -
1946

5038



THE TRAGIC EVIL HISTORY OF "MADMAN LEASON" BEGINS BEFORE OUR STORY... AT THE AGE OF 24 HE WAS A HARDENED CRIMINAL... CRUEL, LAWLESS, DEADLY! ON NOV. 16, 1936, HE SUSTAINED A HEAD INJURY IN A BATTLE WITH A POLICEMAN WHEN HE WAS CAUGHT ROBBING A JEWELRY STORE! LEASON WAS SENTENCED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN AN ASYLUM WHERE HE REMAINED... UNTIL...

THE TIME--MAY, 1946/ THE PLACE-- THE WYOMING STATE ASYLUM, ON A PEACEFUL AFTERNOON...



SUDDENLY A FURTIVE FIGURE APPEARED ON THE THE TOP OF THE WALL! NIMBLY, IT DROPPED LIKE A CAT TO THE OTHER SIDE... TO FREEDOM!



THE ESCAPE WAS DISCOVERED TWO HOURS LATER, AND REPORTED TO THE HEAD OF THE ASYLUM, DR. LANE...

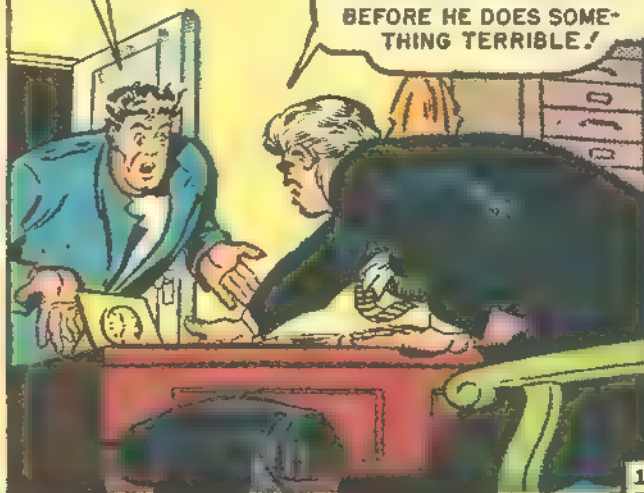
DOCTOR, ONE OF OUR INMATES GOT OUT!

WHAT! WHO WAS IT?



FRANK LEASON, SIR!

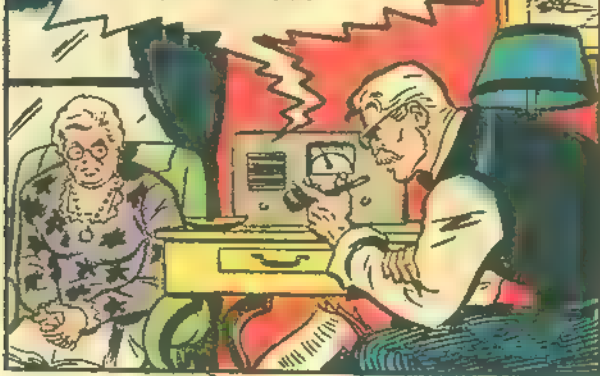
NO! NOT LEASON! HE'S OUR WORST... A POTENTIAL KILLER... A HOMICIDAL TYPE! HE MUST BE RECAPTURED BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING TERRIBLE!



ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

THE ALARM WAS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY! A MENACE WAS LOOSE! THE NEWS-PAPERS AND RADIO DID THEIR SHARE TO WARN EVERYONE!

LEASON IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED! HE WILL KILL WITHOUT REASON OR PROVOCATION! BE CAREFUL! HIS APPEARANCE IS DECEPTIVELY MILD... BUT DON'T BE FOOLED! HE IS DANGEROUS!



DR. LANE ISSUED A STATEMENT...

LEASON LIVES IN HIS OWN WORLD! HE THINKS HE IS THE REINCARNATION OF NOTORIOUS GANGSTERS LIKE CAPONE, OILLINGER AND SCHULTZ! HE WILL PROBABLY TURN TO CRIME, WILL TRY TO JOIN A GANG! IF HE SUCCEEDS, WE WILL HAVE THE WORST GANG ACTIVITIES SINCE THE REIGN OF CAPONE IN CHICAGO!



"SOMEWHERE IN OUR CITY THIS SICK MAN WALKS... WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE."



AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT LANE WAS SPEAKING, A FIGURE WALKED SLOWLY UP TO A PAWNSHOP IN A SHABBY PART OF TOWN...



GOOD EVENING! YOU'RE LUCKY... I WAS JUST CLOSING...

YES... I'M LUCKY! I WANT A REVOLVER, PLEASE!



CERTAINLY! HERE'S A GOOD ONE... AND VERY CHEAP!

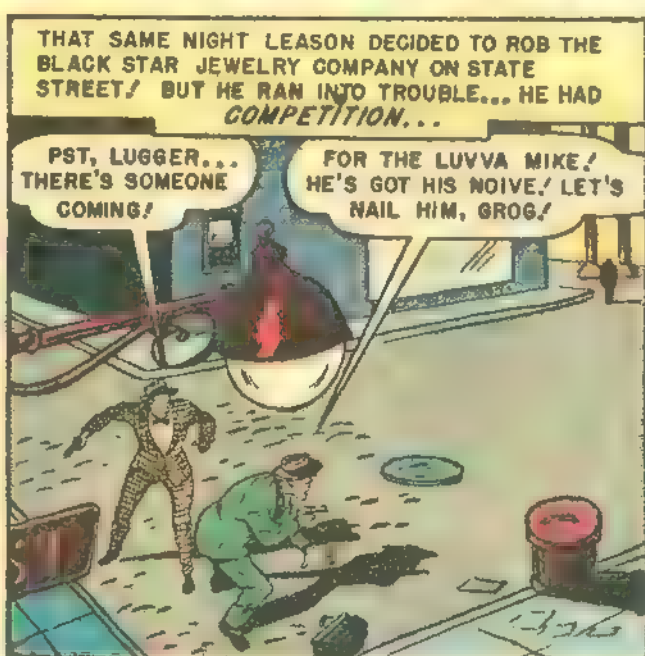
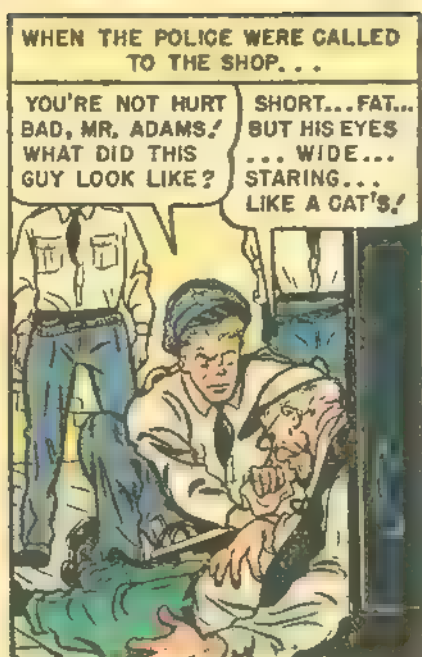
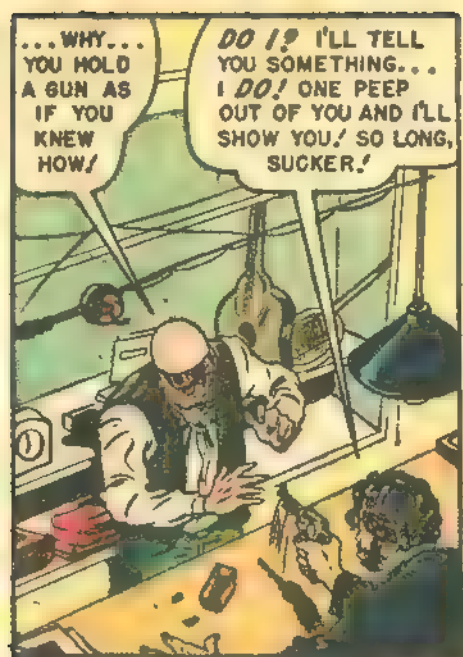
LOOKS ALL RIGHT! BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GUNS! CAN YOU SHOW ME HOW TO LOAD IT?



IT'S EASY! YOU TAKE CARTRIDGES FROM THIS BOX AND PUT 'EM INTO THESE LITTLE HOLES, SEE? IT'S CHEAP, TOO!

I SEE! CAN I TRY TO SEE IF I CAN DO IT, PLEASE?





YOU CHUMPS! NOW YOU'VE
ATTRACTED THE COPS!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
BEFORE WE ALL GET
NABBED!

THAT MAKES SENSE!
HE DOESN'T SOUND
CRAZY TO ME!

LET'S BLOW--
THIS HEIST IS
SHOT! C'MON,
LEASON!

BUT THEY CONFRONTED A DEAD END...

THE JOINT IS
CRAWLIN' WITH
COPS!

THEY AIN'T
TAKIN' ME! I'M
SHOOTIN' MY
WAY OUT OF
THIS! ARE YA
WITH ME?

YOU MUST
BE NUTS!
YA CAN'T
SHOOT IT
OUT WITH
THE COPS!

HALT!

HALT THIS,
COPPER!

IT'S
LEASON!
THE
MADMAN!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
FLATFOOT!
MADMAN
LEASON!
THAT'S ME!

BULLETS VS. BULLETS! LAW VS.
OUTLAW! THAT WAS THE FURIOUS
BATTLE THAT RAGED, AS A MAD
GUNMAN LED HIS TWO NEW PALS
IN A MAD BID FOR ESCAPE!

OH-OH! G-GROG...
MADMAN... THEY
... THEY PLUGGED
ME!

'LUGGER'S
HURT! LET'S
HELP HIM!

DON'T BE A
CHUMP!
D'YA WANNA
JOIN HIM IN
THE MORGUE?

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S
BLOW! HERE... UP
THIS ALLEY! YOU'RE
NOT SO MAD!

WHO SAID
I WAS? C'MON,
PAL! WE'RE
ON OUR WAY!

Y-Y-YOU
DIRTY
SKUNKS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IT'S BEN LUGGER/ AGAIN!

WHO WAS IN WITH YOU ON THIS, LUGGER? TALK!

I'LL TALK/ WHY NOT? THEY LEFT ME TO DIE-- THE PUNKS/ IT WAS GROG GROGAN AND FRANK LEASON!

LEASON/ BY JUPITER!

YEAH/ THAT'S RIGHT/ **MADMAN LEASON!** AND BELIEVE ME, HE IS A MADMAN/ NOTHING IS GONNA STOP THAT GUY EXCEPT A BULLET/ HE'S GONNA GIVE YOU COPS **PLENTY** TO DO BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!

IN A FEW MINUTES, NEWSPAPER EXTRAS HIT THE STREETS!

3¢ **DAILY STAR** 3¢
VOL. 25 NO. 30 THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1946 FINAL EDITION
LEASON ON CRIME RAMPAGE!

"MADMAN" SHOTS WAY OUT OF POLICE TRAP! JOINS WITH GANGSTERS IN RAID ON LAW AND ORDER!

FRANK LEASON, NICKNAMED "MADMAN," WHO ESCAPED THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR FEEBLE-MINDED, HAS BEEN ON A WAVE OF LAWLESS TERROR!

EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE CITY WAS ALERTED! THE DRAGNET WAS OUT TO CAPTURE LEASON...



MEANWHILE, THE OBJECT OF THIS SEARCH GLOATED...

I'LL SHOW THE COPPERS WHO'S TOUGH! YEAH! NOW...TAKE ME TO YOUR EX-BOSS!

EX-BOSS? WHY, THE ONLY BOSS I'VE GOT IS BIG BUCK--AND HE'S STILL MY BOSS!

EX-BOSS, I SAID... AND I MEAN **BIG BUCK!** ARE YA TAKIN' ME TO HIM?

YEAH. SURE, MADMAN/ SURE! ER-- DON'T GET MAD!

THROUGH ALLEYS AND BYWAYS, DODGING THE POLICE AT EVERY STEP, THE PARTNERS IN CRIME WENT TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF BIG BUCK, LEADER OF THE UPTOWN GANG TERRITORY...



BUT BIG BUCK WAS IN AN EVIL MOOD...

WHY...TH' DUMB SLOBS/
GETTIN' TANGLED WITH
THE MADMAN AND BLOWIN'
THE JOB! WAIT'LL I GET
MY HANDS ON GROG! I'LL...

NOW, BUCKY!
DON'T GET
YOURSELF
ALL IN AN
UPROAR!
REMEMBER
YOUR BLOOD
PRESSURE,
BABY!

I CAN'T HELP IT!
I GET SO *UPSET*!
THESE DUMB MUGS
RUIN EVERYTHING--
EVERYTHING--
I TELL YOU!

THERE! THERE!
GIVE YOUR WIFE
A KISS! THAT'LL
MAKE EVERYTHING
NICE AND COZY
AGAIN!

HI, BIG
BUCK!

GROG! WH-WH-
WHO'S THAT?

BOSS, MEET
MADMAN
LEASON!
HE'D LIKE
TO MEET YOU!

LEASON!
WHY, YOU,
STUPID SLOB!
YOU BROUGHT
HIM *HERE*?
OH! HOW
DUMB CAN
YOU BE?

HE'S HOTTER
THAN A FIFTY-
CENT PISTOL!
EVERY COP IN
THE STATE IS
ON HIS TRAIL
AND YOU BRING
HIM *HERE*! OH!
MY NERVES! MY
HEART! I'M DYING!

YEAH...

WHAT DID
YOU SAY?

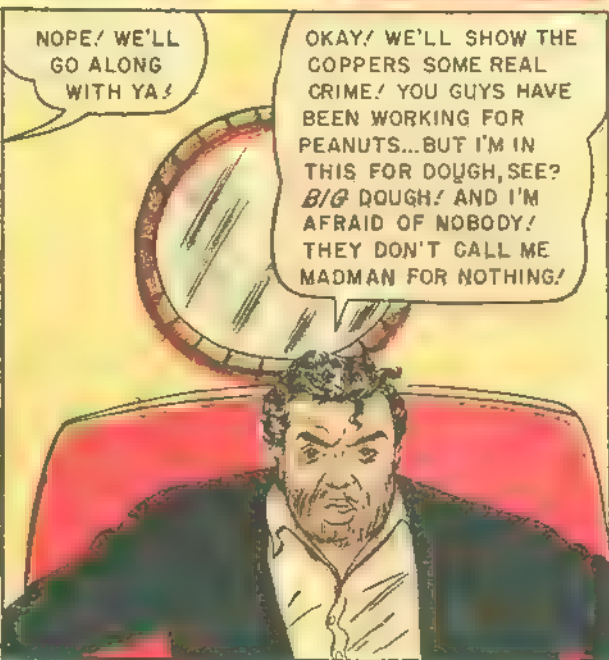
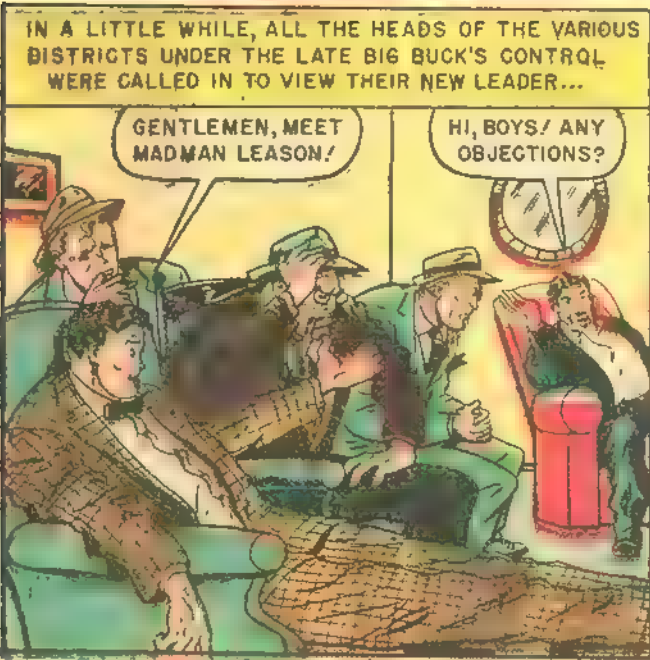
I SAID,
YEAH...
YOU'RE
DYING!

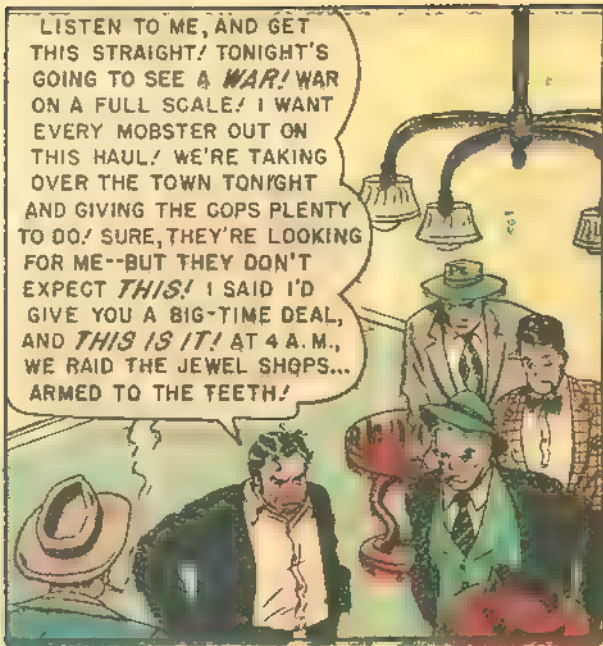
YOU'RE NUTS!
YOU'RE CRAZY!
PUT THAT ROD
AWAY, YOU
TRIGGER-HAPPY
LUG!

YOUR
VOICE
IRRITATES
ME, BIG
BUCK!

I'M TAKING
OVER AND
YOU'RE IN
MY WAY!
STEP ASIDE,
BUSTER!

LUGGER!
BABY!
STOP HIM...
STO...
OHHH!





LISTEN TO ME, AND GET THIS STRAIGHT! TONIGHT'S GOING TO SEE A **WAR!** WAR ON A FULL SCALE! I WANT EVERY MOBSTER OUT ON THIS HAUL! WE'RE TAKING OVER THE TOWN TONIGHT AND GIVING THE COPS PLENTY TO DO! SURE, THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME--BUT THEY DON'T EXPECT **THIS!** I SAID I'D GIVE YOU A BIG-TIME DEAL, AND **THIS IS IT!** AT 4 A.M., WE RAID THE JEWEL SHOPS... ARMED TO THE TEETH!



WOW! THIS GUY'S GOT GALL, EH, LIMES?

YEAH... Y'KNOW... IT MIGHT WORK AT DAT!

SURE IT WILL! A **WAR!** A REAL WAR! THIS GUY'LL LEAD US FAR, GUYS! VERY FAR!



MADMAN... YOU'RE A GENIUS! A REGULAR GENIUS!

SURE, GROG! I'M CRAZY... LIKE A FOX! WHILE THOSE DOPES ARE PULLING THEIR WAR, WE'LL BE UP HERE... TAKIN' IT EASY!



SO IF YOUR GAPER WORKS, WE'RE IN CLOVER--AND IF IT DON'T, WE AIN'T AROUND TO KNOW ABOUT IT, EH? NOT BAD!

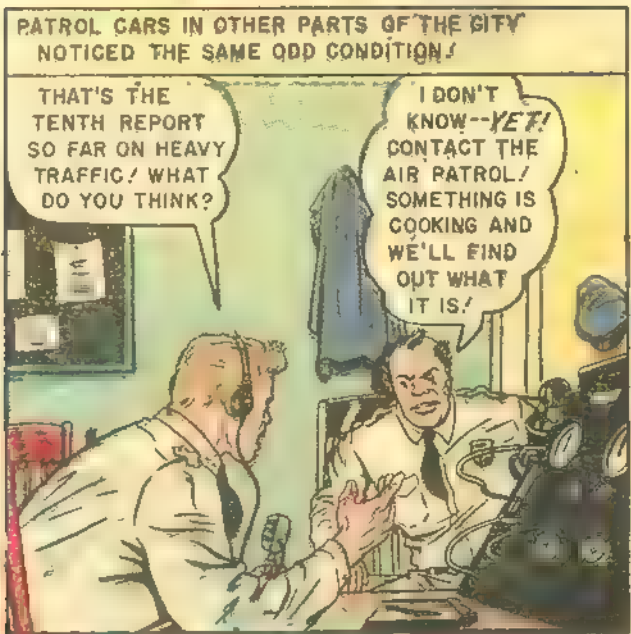
YOU CATCH ON QUICK, GROG!



BUT THE THUGS WERE TO LEARN THE FOLLY OF UNDER-ESTIMATING THE POLICE!

HMM... A LOT OF TRAFFIC ALL OF A SUDDEN!

RIGHT... STRANGE FOR THIS TIME OF NIGHT... 3 A.M.!



PATROL CARS IN OTHER PARTS OF THE CITY NOTICED THE SAME ODD CONDITION!

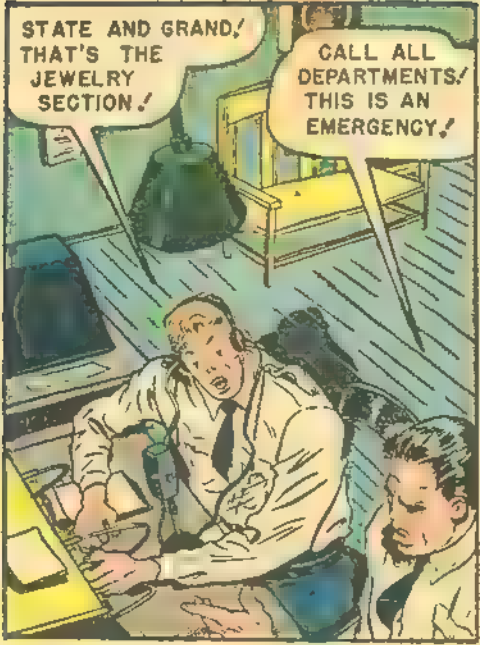
THAT'S THE TENTH REPORT SO FAR ON HEAVY TRAFFIC! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T KNOW--**YET!** CONTACT THE AIR PATROL! SOMETHING IS COOKING AND WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



SOON...

P.D. PLANE II, CALLING! CARS FROM ALL POINTS OF CITY CONVERGING ON STATE AND GRAND STREETS! ADVISE INVESTIGATION!



STATE AND GRAND!
THAT'S THE
JEWELRY
SECTION!

CALL ALL
DEPARTMENTS!
THIS IS AN
EMERGENCY!

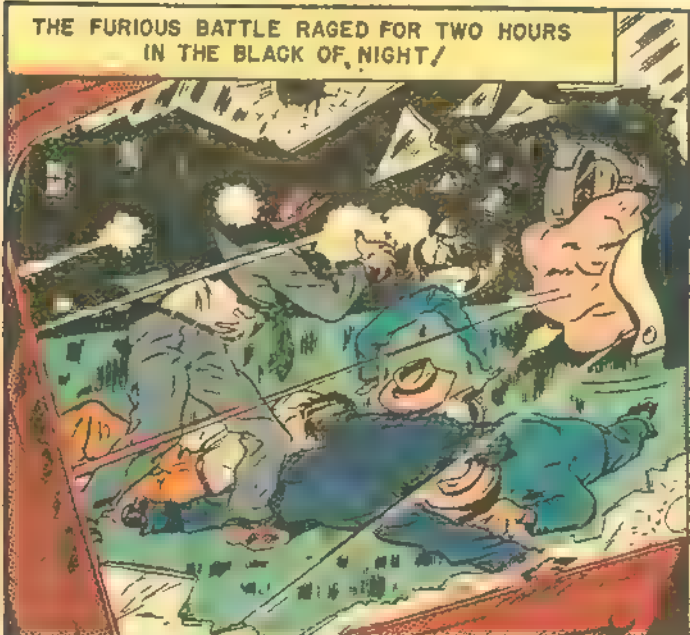


THE MACHINERY OF THE FORCES
OF LAW WORKED SWIFTLY!
THE HIGH-GEARED EMERGENCY
UNITS SWUNG INTO ACTION...



COPS! THEY'RE
WISE TO US!

SHOOT, YOU
GLUCKS--
SHOOT!



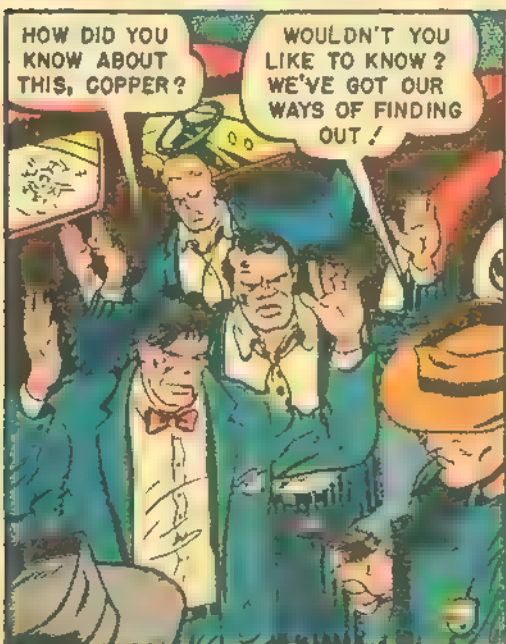
THE FURIOUS BATTLE RAGED FOR TWO HOURS
IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT!



THEN... AT LAST...

ALL RIGHT,
COPPERS!
WE QUIT!

THROW YOUR GUNS
DOWN, AND COME
OUT WITH YOUR
HANDS UP! NO FUNNY
BUSINESS, UNDER-
STAND?



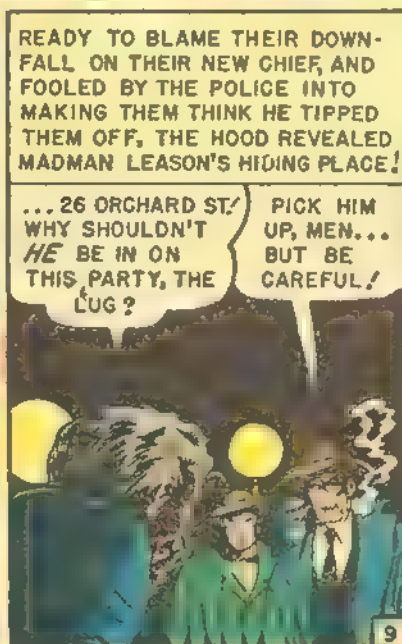
HOW DID YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THIS, COPPER?

WOULDN'T YOU
LIKE TO KNOW?
WE'VE GOT OUR
WAYS OF FINDING
OUT!



LEASON! THAT'S
WHO TIPPED 'EM
OFF! HE WANTS
US KNOCKED OFF
SO HE COULD
BRING NEW GUYS
IN... *HIS GUYS!*

LEASON?
THE
MADMAN?
COULD
BE...
COULD
BE...



READY TO BLAME THEIR DOWN-
FALL ON THEIR NEW CHIEF, AND
FOOLED BY THE POLICE INTO
MAKING THEM THINK HE TIPPED
THEM OFF, THE HOOD REVEALED
MADMAN LEASON'S HIDING PLACE!

... 26 ORCHARD ST!
WHY SHOULDN'T
HE BE IN ON
THIS PARTY, THE
LUG?

PICK HIM
UP, MEN...
BUT BE
CAREFUL!

LIKE A BLOATED SPIDER SECURE IN HIS WEB,
MADMAN LEASON AWAITED THE RESULTS OF
THE RAID...

HO-HUM/ I HOPE TOO
MANY OF OUR BOYS
AREN'T KILLED/ TURN
ON THE RADIO, GREG/
I WANT TO SEE IF IT'S
OVER YET!

SURE, MADMAN/
BOY! THIS IS
SOME LIFE, EH?

SUDDENLY...

OPEN UP,
LEASON/
IT'S THE
POLICE!

HOW DID
THEY ?

COPPERS!
WHY...THE
DIRTY, LOW-
DOWN PUNKS/
THEY SQUEALED
ON ME!

I'LL SHOOT! THAT'S
WHAT! I'LL SCARE
'EM ALL AWAY!
THAT'S WHAT!

MADMAN--
DON'T! WE
HAVEN'T A
CHANCE/
DON'T!

HE *IS* CRAZY!
THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
TAKE THAT
GUY! LET'S
GO!

YOU
BET!

A VICIOUS SPURT OF LEAD
SPRAYED THE DOOR...

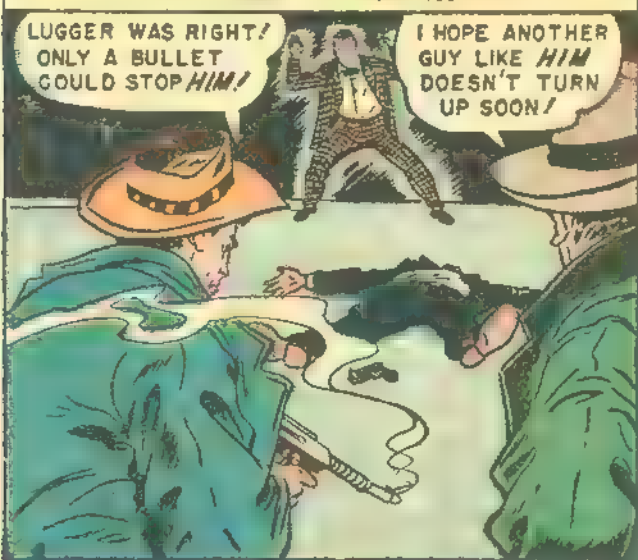


THEN...ALL WAS QUIET/ WHEN THE POLICE WENT
INTO THE ROOM THEY SAW...

LUGGER WAS RIGHT/
ONLY A BULLET
COULD STOP *HIM*!

I HOPE ANOTHER
GUY LIKE *HIM*
DOESN'T TURN
UP SOON!

NOT LIKELY/ BUT IF
HE DOES... MAY THERE
ALWAYS BE A POLICE
FORCE TO PROTECT
THE PEOPLE FROM
HIM!



THE END 10

THE GAG

"HEY, O'HARA, are you in there?" Valo shouted. The response was muffled but the answer seemed to satisfy the policeman and he sauntered on. The warehouse behind him was quiet once more, the only sound being the noise of the patrolman's departing feet.

O'Hara grimaced as he sat at his desk inside the dark building. Valo knew he was there but he always tried to knock talk out of him these days. It was part of his job, O'Hara knew, especially now that the warehouse was filled with bales of silk, the first fine material brought back since the end of the war.

O'Hara glanced at the battered alarm clock ticking away on the top of the desk. Two minutes to twelve and time he made his hourly rounds. He grunted as he got up and muttered curses at the dampness of the building that made him so stiff. The time clock in its leather case and sling gave him something else to growl at. It was heavy, it was a nuisance and it was his lord and master. If it wasn't for that clock, life would indeed be easy for Martin O'Hara. Now, its ticking works turning the hands inexorably would provide evidence to his employers as to whether Martin O'Hara had performed his prescribed rounds or not. One more invention of the devil, designed solely to make man miserable.

A slight noise at his fourth punching station gave the night watchman his first intimation that this night would be any different from the endless ones preceding it. It was a small noise; the scurrying of a rat across the dark floor, a shifting of a carelessly stowed bale of silk, or it could be the scrape of leather soles. O'Hara's nerves tingled warningly but the grating voice was still a surprise when it came.

"Get 'em up, Pop!" the command was accom-

panied by the beam of a powerful light in O'Hara's eyes. "I'm covering you with a gun! One quick move and you're finished!"

O'Hara's hands went up and he stopped in his tracks. His mind churned but came up with only one answer. He could do nothing as long as that gun gleaming in the light pointed at his stomach.

"All right, all right, take it easy!" O'Hara said thickly. "I'll do whatever you say! Just point that thing someplace else!"

The other laughed and rapid footsteps sounded behind the night watchman. "Hey, Lefty, take this guy in the back near the truck! Tie him up and fix him so he can't make a squawk!"

"Okay, boss, but hurry it up!" Lefty said nervously. "This joint gives me the jitters!"

Lefty had a hand torch and he lighted the way as he held his gun to O'Hara's back. The loading ramp in the back of the warehouse was their destination and O'Hara's eyes bulged at the sight of the huge red trailer and big tractor. It was one of the warehouse's own, probably taken from the company garage. No policeman, not even the careful Valo, would question this truck when it pulled out.

"Get over there, Pop!" Lefty rasped. "Sit in that chair!"

O'Hara sat down obediently in one of the checker's chairs. Lefty signed okay to the two men waiting at the tailboard and they went inside to where the boss was sorting out the most valuable silks. It was a well planned job, going through without a hitch, now that the night watchman was under control.

Lefty was cheerful as he took a length of heavy rope from the cab of the truck. He answered O'Hara's questioning look happily. "We've been in here since the warehouse closed up this after-

noon. One of the boys sat in the cab while the rest of us waited in the trailer in back! The platform boss figured the trailer was waiting for a load in the morning so the driver checked out and left the truck here! The boss is a pretty slick article!"

O'Hara groaned. It was indeed slick and it was of no importance that he, Martin O'Hara would be out of a job in the morning. He hadn't felt this bad since he lost the fight to McNulty two weeks ago and he'd felt pretty bad then.

The loading went smoothly. Lefty's boss had a good eye and the cream of the shipment disappeared into the vast maw of the huge trailer. One hour after they began, the doors of the big red trailer swung shut on a shipment worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Okay, boss, we're ready to roll!" one of the loaders said happily. "Want to take the old guy along or knock him on the head?"

The boss shook his head. "Neither. He didn't make any trouble for us so we'll treat him just as good! Gag him and make sure his arms and legs are tied good and tight!"

O'Hara came to life at that. "No, you *can't* do that! I tell you I won't yell!" O'Hara's voice was thick and the words blurred. Lefty laughed and untied the knots behind him while the loader picked up some waste from the floor.

"We won't hurt you, Pop!" Lefty said amusedly. "I'll just fix the ropes so you don't pull anything fancy while Bobo fixes you a nice little gag!"

Bobo laughed as he came over with the cotton waste. "Don't worry, Pop, I know how to fix a gag so you can still breathe! Open wide!"

O'Hara squirmed and pushed away from Bobo's prying fingers. Lefty cursed him heartily and tried to draw the ropes tighter but O'Hara was going crazy. He freed one hand and pushed Bobo away, then Lefty and Bobo both grabbed him.

"No, no! I tell you, you can't do that . . . Aaanh!" the thickly uttered words were interrupted by a scream of real pain. The next minute, O'Hara, Bobo and Lefty were a scrambled mess of flailing arms, gouging fingers and kicking feet on the cement floor.

The boss was startled but he swung into action. "Break that up, quick! We'll have every badge

toter in New York on our ears in a minute!"

O'Hara was a whirlwind of action. Disregarding Lefty's frantically clutching hands around his neck, he swung one hamlike hand and Bobo's head smacked sharply back onto the cement floor. The next instant, O'Hara had Bobo's gun and it boomed twice at the oncoming boss. He coughed once and fell on his face.

"That'll bring the coppers sure!" the remaining loader yelled. "I'm getting out of here!"

Lefty seemed to agree as he released his grip on the aroused night watchman but O'Hara was started now. He grabbed one leg as the other started to run and brought him down with a crash. A police whistle blasted outside, then the sharp yammer of Valo's night stick sounded the alarm to brother officers in the district.

O'Hara had Lefty's throat in two powerful hands when Valo arrived on the scene. Lefty's face was turning blue and Valo had trouble getting O'Hara to turn him loose. Lefty rubbed his neck and looked at O'Hara in surprised awe.

"Pop, you're a humdinger when you get started!" he croaked ruefully. "I cased this job with the boss and we both figured you for a soft touch!"

Valo turned the body of the slain boss and whistled in surprise.

"O'Hara, this guy you put two slugs into is none other than Lon Heller, a boy the department's been after for a long time!"

A siren wailed outside and two more policemen came in with the second loader walking ahead of their drawn guns. "Found this guy running after we heard shots! Was he on this job?"

O'Hara nodded and rubbed his jaw, Lefty was still looking at him in reluctant admiration as Valo snapped handcuffs on him. "I still can't see why he jumped on us like that!"

Valo stooped and picked the cotton waste they had attempted to gag O'Hara with.

"You were going to gag O'Hara?" Lefty nodded and Valo chuckled. "That's why O'Hara turned into a bearcat! McNulty broke his jaw in a fight two weeks ago! It's been wired together ever since! O'Hara'd rather be shot than have someone pry that jaw apart!"

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

\$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE ARREST OF
ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES!

WILLIAM M. FARLEY

With aliases: Bill Farley, Maltbie Farley
DESCRIPTION



Age, 34, born June 20, 1913, White
Buffs, Washington; Height, 5'8"; Weight,
175 pounds; Eyes, brown; Complexion,
tawny; Hair, dark brown; Complexion,
medium; Build, heavy; Race, white; Na-
tionality, American; Education, high
school; Occupation, boat taker, clerk;
Scars and marks: mole each side of
upper lip, 1/2" scar center forehead
right side near hairline, 1" scar on right side of neck. Scar
on right knee; Peculiarities, crooked right elbow, is excellent
horseman.

BANK EMBEZZLER

CRIMINAL RECORD

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury of Spo-
tane, Washington, on July 1, 1941, charging subject with a
violation of the Federal Reserve Act in that he did, on or about
March 20, 1941, unlawfully and with intent to defraud, embezzle
and convert to his own use, certain monies of the Meters and
Merchants Bank of Chelan, Washington.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available)

JOHN ANDERSON

With alias: "Mule"

DESCRIPTION



Age, 51, born August 10, 1896,
Birmingham, Alabama (not veri-
fied) Height, 5 feet 1 1/2 inches;
Weight, 135 pounds, Build
medium; Hair, black; Eyes,
dark; Complexion, black; Race,
Negro, Nationality American,
Occupation, laborer, Scars and
marks, three one-inch scars on
right side of nose, numerous
gold teeth; Characteristic, walks
with limp in right leg.

Anderson has been convicted and served a sentence for
the crime of murder. A complaint was filed before a
U.S. Commissioner at Benton, Illinois, on November 1,
1946, charging John Anderson with violating Section 4086,
Title 18, U.S. Code, in that he fled from the State of
Illinois to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder
with which he was charged.

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{6\ 5\ 25\ W\ 18}{5\ 4\ W}$

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO ESCAPE PROSECUTION FOR
MURDER

EVERETT ORAN PEACOCK



With aliases: Ralph Eddy Doolap, Benjamin
Logan, Benny Gordon, William Patterson,
Ralph Watson, Jesse C. Winbros

DESCRIPTION

Age, 37, born May 18, 1910, Seymour,
Indiana; Height, 5 feet, 7 inches; Weight,
135 pounds; Build, medium; Eyes, blue;
Hair, dark brown, curly, bald on top; Com-
plexion, medium; Race, white; Nationality,
American; Occupations, lathe tender, planer
operator, textile worker, Scars and marks,
hypodermic scars on arms, 3 inch burn scar
on neck, 1 inch burn scar on chin

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER

CRIMINAL RECORD

Since 1928 Everett Oran Peacock has been
arrested on numerous occasions in several
states on charges which include larceny,
vagrancy, shoplifting, jail breaking, viola-
tion of Narcotics Laws, and violations of the
White Slave Traffic Act. On January 13,
1946, Everett Oran Peacock escaped from
the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital,
Lexington, Kentucky, where he was being
held temporarily as a federal prisoner after
being sentenced to serve five years' im-
prisonment for a violation of the White
Slave Traffic Act.

Fingerprint Classification:

$\frac{6\ 1\ aAt\ 2}{1\ aAa-1}$

1 aAa-1

CRIMINAL RECORD

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{6\ 5\ 25\ W\ 18}{5\ 4\ W}$

Ref. $\frac{25}{2}$

AN
ALL-TRUE
CRIME

SALUTE TO THE LAW!

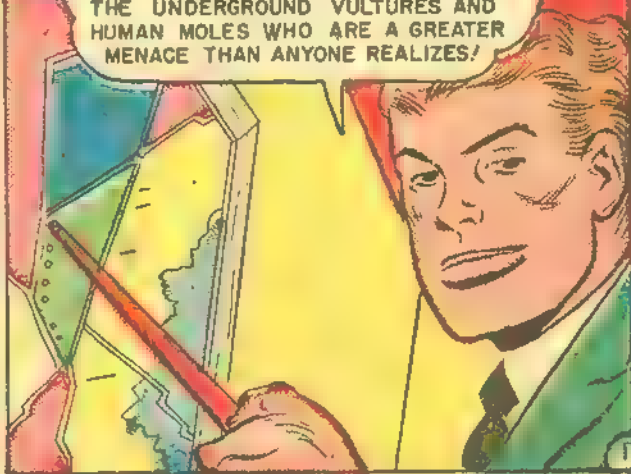
"THE
SUBWAY
SQUAD!"

AMIDST THE NOISE
AND CONFUSION OF
THE UNDER-
GROUND RAILROADS
OF THE WORLD'S
LARGEST CITY, THESE
DUTY-BOUND, UNSUNG
HEROES DAILY RISK
THEIR LIVES TO
THWART THE HUMAN
VULTURES WHO
WOULD ATTEMPT TO
PREY UPON
YOU!

4588

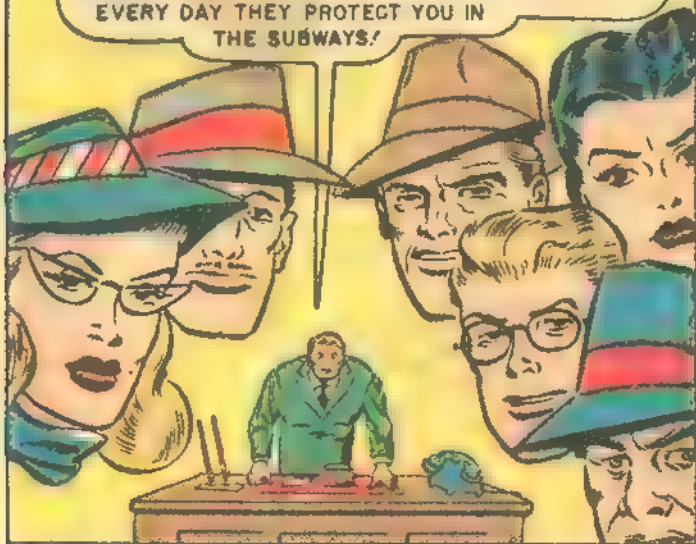
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HOW DO YOU DO? MY
NAME IS CARTER BOND! MAKES NO DIFFERENCE
TO YOU, DOES IT? YOU NEVER HEARD OF
ME! WELL, THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD
BE--IN THE BACKGROUND! BUT IF YOU
LIVE IN A LARGE CITY--OR HAVE
FRIENDS OR RELATIVES WHO DO--
THEN I AM A PART OF YOUR LIFE
A VERY IMPORTANT PART... SOMETIMES
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND
DEATH!

YOU SEE, I AM THE HEAD OF THE
SUBWAY SQUAD OF A LARGE CITY--
MEMBERS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT--
THAT PROTECTS THE LIVES AND
PROPERTY OF ALL THOSE WHO RIDE
THE SUBWAYS-- PROTECTS THEM FROM
THE UNDERGROUND VULTURES AND
HUMAN MOLES WHO ARE A GREATER
MENACE THAN ANYONE REALIZES!



ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

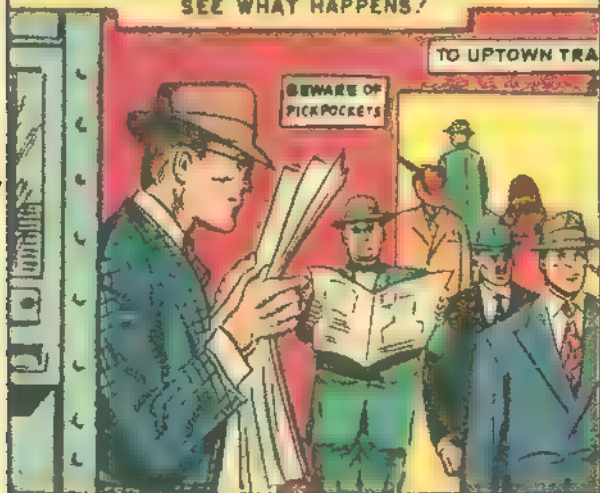
NOW I WANT YOU TO MEET THE MEN AND WOMEN DETECTIVES WHO MAKE UP THE SUBWAY SQUAD/ WELL-TRAINED, BRAVE AND INTELLIGENT, EVERY DAY THEY PROTECT YOU IN THE SUBWAYS!



SUPPOSE *YOU* PLAY DETECTIVE AND FOLLOW THIS MAN/ WATCH THE WAY HE OPERATES, AND SEE IF *YOU* COULD DO THE SAME/ HE IS DETECTIVE SPEARS, ONE OF THE BEST MEN WE HAVE, AND HE IS STARTING ON HIS DAILY ASSIGNMENT...



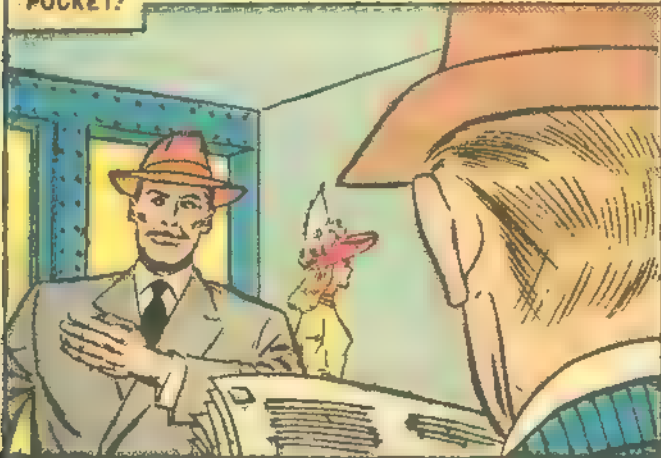
AS YOU SEE, HE'S NOT DRESSED CONSPICUOUSLY/ JUST AN ORDINARY LOOKING GUY, WAITING FOR HIS TRAIN/ BUT LOOK/ HE'S PLACED HIMSELF WHERE HE CAN KEEP HIS EYE ON A CERTAIN SPOT/ NOW KEEP YOUR EYE THERE, TOO...AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



PRETTY SOON A MAN COMES ALONG/ HE SEES THE SIGN AND KEEPS ON GOING/ HE GLANCES ONLY A GLANCE FROM THAT MAN NEAR THE STEPS--AS HE TAKES UP HIS POSITION NEAR THE GATE!



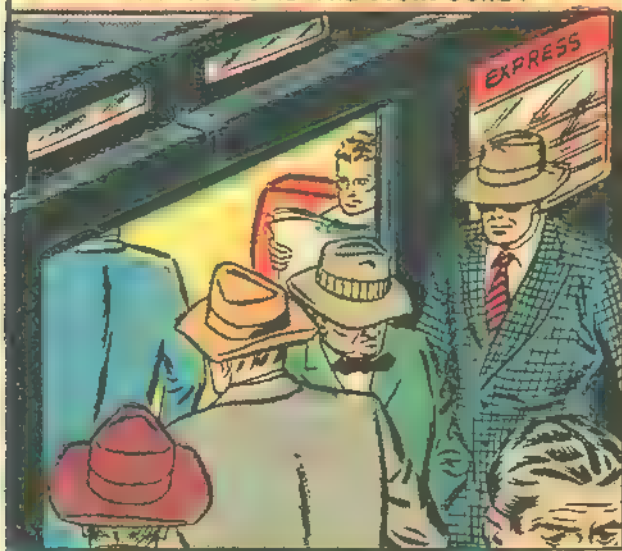
SEVERAL PEOPLE PASS BY THIS SPOT, AND SO FAR NOTHING HAPPENS/ BUT THE STRANGER AND SPEARS ARE STILL WAITING, STILL PATIENT/ IN A LITTLE WHILE THEIR PATIENCE IS REWARDED/ A WELL-DRESSED MAN COMES ALONG... SEES THE SIGN... AND, INSTINCTIVELY, HIS HAND TOUCHES HIS BREAST POCKET!



HE, TOO, GOES UP THE STEPS/ BUT THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE/ HE HAS REVEALED, UNCONSCIOUSLY, TWO THINGS... THE FACT THAT HE HAS MONEY, AND WHERE HE CARRIES IT/ LIKE A SHOT, THE STRANGER IS AFTER HIM/ BUT RIGHT BEHIND BOTH OF THEM IS--YOU GUESSED IT-- DETECTIVE SPEARS!



A QUICK MOVEMENT IN THE JOSTLING AT THE CAR ENTRANCE, AND THE PICKPOCKET'S WORK IS DONE....BUT SO IS THE PICKPOCKET!



JUST A MINUTE, DIPPY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

HUH!



WHAT THE...?

DO YOU MIND LOOKING TO SEE IF YOU STILL HAVE YOUR WALLET, SIR?

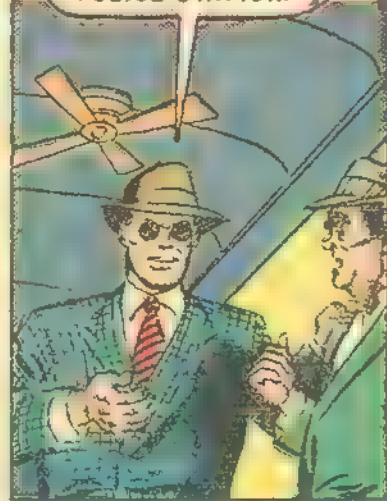
EH? MY WALLET? WHY, OF COURSE I HAVE!



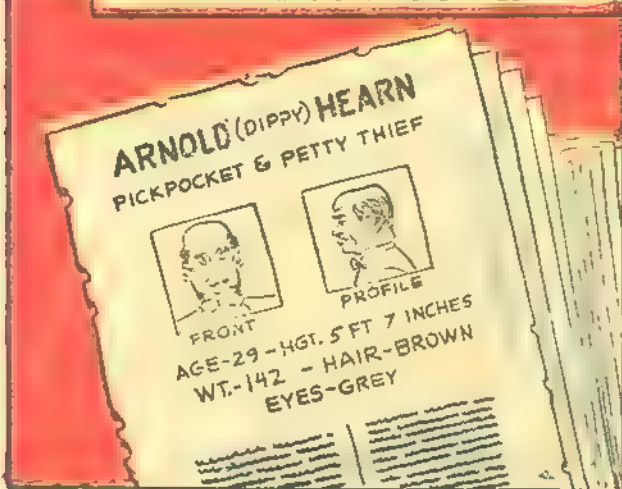
FOR THE LUVVA...! IT'S GONE!



CERTAINLY! NOW HAND IT OVER, DIPPY, AND WE'LL ALL TAKE A NICE LITTLE WALK TO THE NICE LITTLE POLICE STATION!



DIPPY HEARN WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR FIVE YEARS! NOW, YOU ASK, HOW DID SPEARS KNOW ENOUGH TO SHADOW HIM? YOUR POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS A COMPLETE FILE ON EVERY PICK-POCKET WHO EVER OPERATED!



BESIDES, THEY ALL USE THE SAME MODES OF OPERATION, AND WITH A VIGILANT SUBWAY SQUAD, THEY DON'T LAST TOO LONG! HERE FOR EXAMPLE, IS HOW CHOOCH MARSDON WORKED! HE'D PICK A SUBWAY CAR LATE AT NIGHT WITH ONE OR TWO MEN ASLEEP IN IT, AND WALK ALONG THE AISLE...



OW! HEY!
WHAT'S THE
BIG IDEA,
YOU LUG!



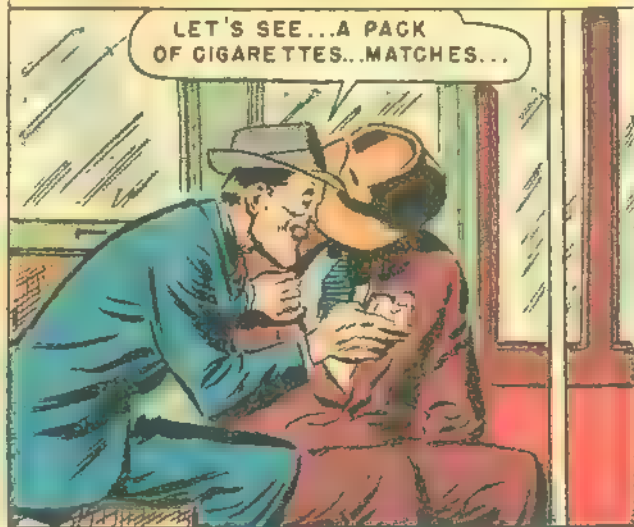
OKAY!
OKAY!
BE A LITTLE
CAREFUL, WILL
YOU?



DEAD DRUNK! WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE SUCH A POOR SLOB? OH, WELL, MAYBE HE'S GOT A BUCK OR TWO!



LET'S SEE...A PACK
OF CIGARETTES...MATCHES...



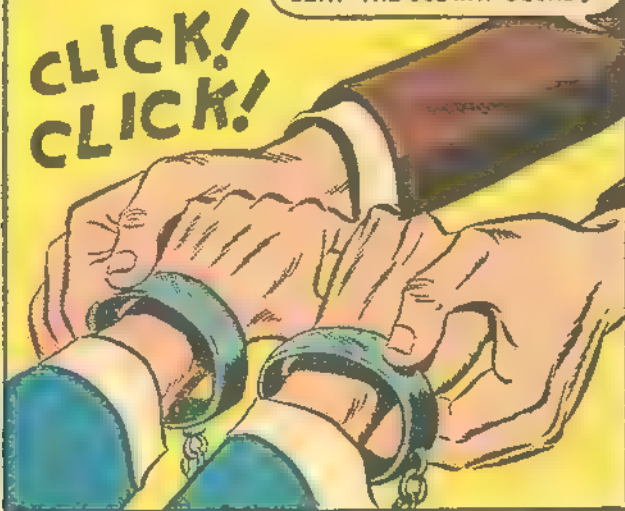
THAT'S RIGHT,
CHOOCH!



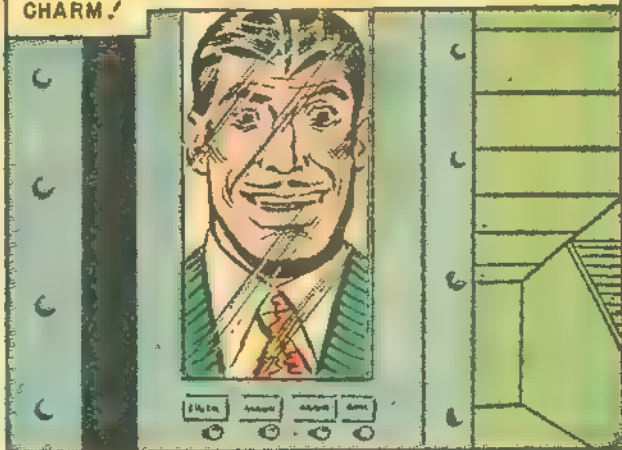
A GOP! I HADDA
PICK ON A COP!

SAD. ISN'T IT, CHOOCH? BUT
YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN
CAUGHT ANYWAY! WILL YOU
GUYS NEVER LEARN YOU CAN'T
BEAT THE SUBWAY SQUAD?

CLICK!
CLICK!

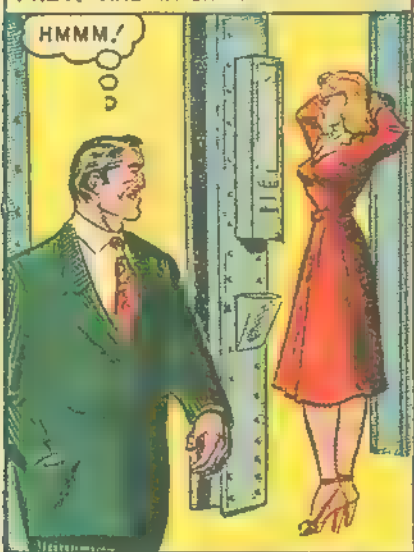


THAT "OLD BUM" WAS DETECTIVE SPEARS, AND HIS
STATEMENT WAS TRUE-- "YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
SUBWAY SQUAD!" BUT THERE'S ONE TYPE OF
MENACE THAT KEEPS TRYING--THE MASHER!
THAT'S THE LOW CHARACTER WHO THINKS EVERY
GIRL IN THE WORLD IS IN LOVE WITH HIM! HE
CAN'T SEE HOW THEY CAN POSSIBLY RESIST HIS
CHARM!



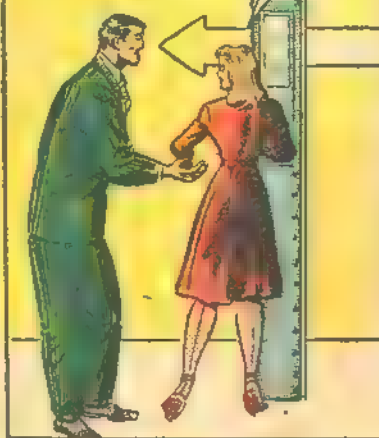
LIKE A VULTURE, HE ROAMS THE
SUBWAYS LOOKING FOR A LIKELY
PREY! AND WHEN HE SPOTS ONE..

HMMM!



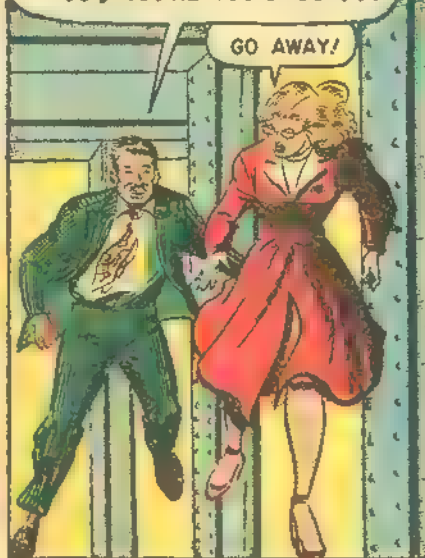
HOW DO YOU DO?
LOVELY DAY, ISN'T
IT? AND HOW ARE
YOU SPENDING
THE EVENING,
LITTLE GIRL?

NOT WITH
YOU,
BUDDY! ON
YOUR WAY
BEFORE
I CALL A
COP!



OH, COME ON NOW--YOU WOULDN'T
DO A THING LIKE THAT, WOULD
YOU? YOU'RE TOO SWEET...

GO AWAY!



YES...YOU'RE VERY
SWEET! HOW ABOUT A
DATE, HUH?

LEMME ALONE--
UNLESS YOU
WANT
TROUBLE!

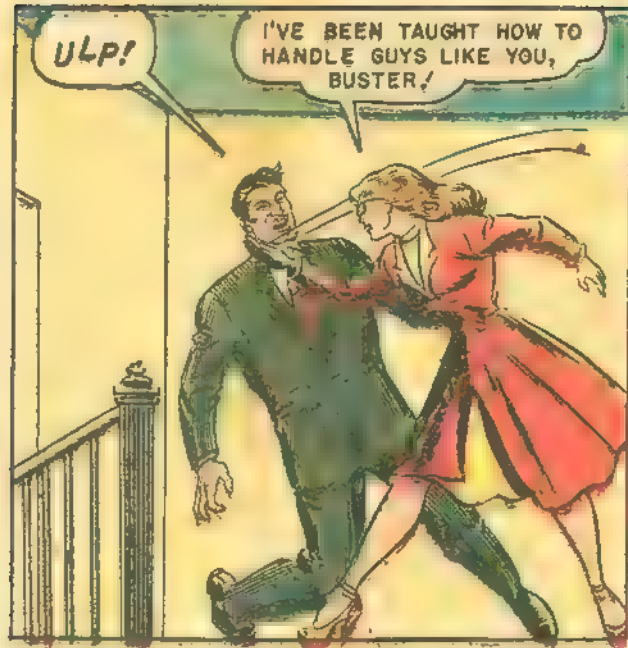
34th ST
→



OH, COME ON, BABY! WHY
YOU AND I COULD MAKE
BEAUTIFUL MUSIC
TOGETHER!

OKAY, CHUM! HOW
DOES THIS NOTE
STRIKE YOU?





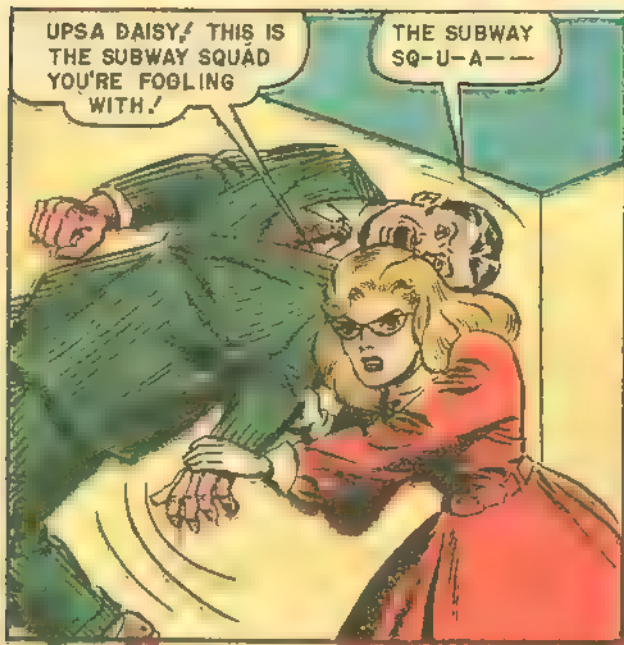
ULP!

I'VE BEEN TAUGHT HOW TO
HANDLE GUYS LIKE YOU,
BUSTER!



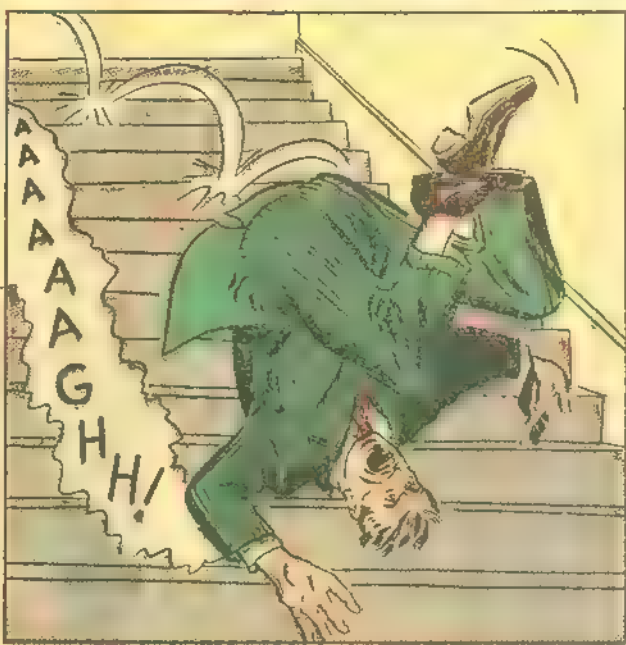
A TOUGH GAL, UH?
WHY... I'LL FIX
YOU!

WHO'LL
FIX
WHO?



UPSA DAISY! THIS IS
THE SUBWAY SQUAD
YOU'RE FOOLING
WITH!

THE SUBWAY
SQ-U-A-



A
A
A
A
G
H!

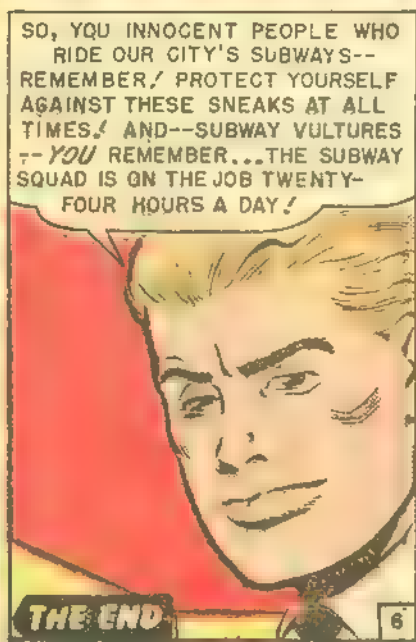


COME, LITTLE
MAN! YOU'VE
HAD A BUSY
DAY AND YOU
NEED SOME
REST!

OH HH! WHY
DID I HAVE
TO BE YOU?



A NEAT LITTLE HAUL, AND ALL
PART OF THE DAY'S WORK FOR
THE SUBWAY SQUAD!



SO, YOU INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO
RIDE OUR CITY'S SUBWAYS--
REMEMBER! PROTECT YOURSELF
AGAINST THESE SNEAKS AT ALL
TIMES! AND--SUBWAY VULTURES
-- YOU REMEMBER...THE SUBWAY
SQUAD IS ON THE JOB TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS A DAY!

THE END

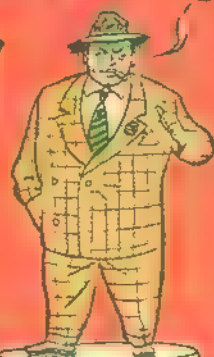
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"I'M BIGGER THAN THE LAW!"

...BOASTED PIETRO TORELLI, KING OF THE ILLINOIS RACKETS IN 1933! HE FELT THE ENTIRE STATE WAS A PEDESTAL FOR HIM TO PERCH HIS SLIMY FORM UPON, WITH HIS NAME EMBLAZONED IN RED AT THE TOP! BUT HE LEARNED, AS DO ALL THE OTHERS OF HIS ROTTEN BREED, THAT IT WAS NO PEDESTAL UPON WHICH HE STOOD.. IT WAS A TOMBSTONE...

HIS TOMBSTONE!

AN
ALL-TRUE
CRIME STORY



BORN-
1894

PIETRO TORELLI

DIED-
1933

THE RARE PEACE OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS OF AN ILLINOIS CITY WAS GIVEN A SEVERE JOLT ON A CERTAIN DAY IN 1933...

HOLY COW!

THE NERVE OF THE GUY!



WALKING RIGHT INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS LIKE THIS!

IS THE GUY B.A.M.Y?

SAY! WHO IS THIS GUY TO CREATE SO MUCH EXCITEMENT?



WHO IS HE?
TORELLI!
THAT'S WHO HE IS!

TORELLI? PIETRO TORELLI? THE KING OF THE MOBBS?

RIGHT, K.D.!! PUBLIC ENEMIES NUMBERS 1, 2, AND 3, ALL ROLLED INTO ONE!



YES?

I WANT TO SEE INSPECTOR KING! TELL HIM PIETRO TORELLI DESIRES AUDIENCE WITH HIM, IF HE WOULD BE SO KIND!



ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



YOU'VE GOT YOUR NERVE COMING HERE, TORELLI! WHAT DO YOU WANT... POLICE PROTECTION?

AH, INSPECTOR KING, NOTHING LIKE THAT! COPPER, I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU... ONE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO TURN DOWN! WILL YOU LEND AN EAR?



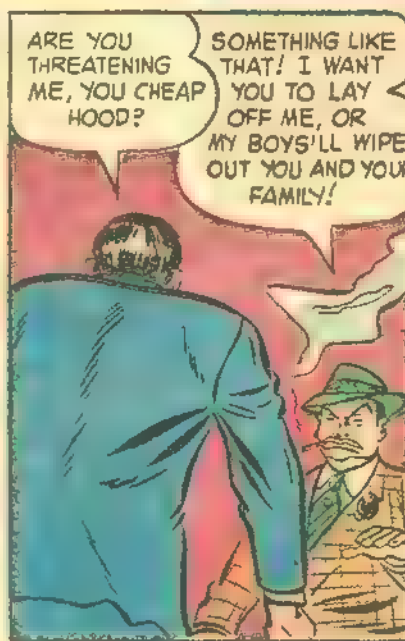
I DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH A CROOK LIKE YOU... AND YOU **ARE** A CROOK EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T PIN A RAP ON YOU YET! BUT WE WILL-- MARK MY WORD-- AND YOU'LL END UP IN THE CHAIR!

TUT, TUT, FLATFOOT! REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE! BY THE WAY, YOU RETIRE IN SIX MONTHS, DON'T YOU?



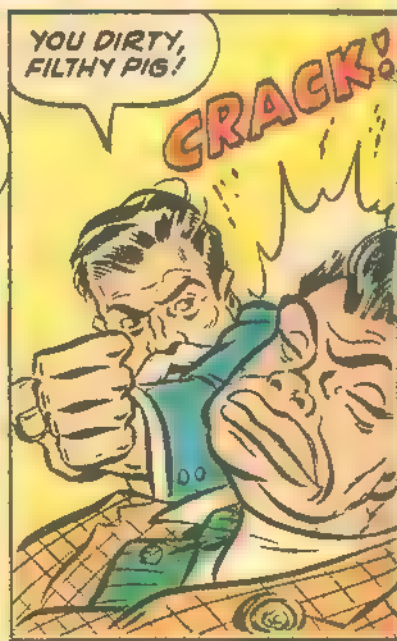
WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

HATE TO SEE SOMETHING HAPPEN TO SPOIL YOUR OLD AGE, KING... LIKE NOT LASTING SIX MONTHS!



ARE YOU THREATENING ME, YOU CHEAP HOOD?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT! I WANT YOU TO LAY OFF ME, OR MY BOYS'LL WIPE OUT YOU AND YOUR FAMILY!



YOU DIRTY, FILTHY PIG!

CRACK!



INSPECTOR! WHAT'S UP?

THROW THIS FAT SWINE OUT OF HERE!



ALL RIGHT, BUM, **OUTSIDE!**

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT... THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL BE! I WARNED YOU, COPPER!

GET YOUR BLOATED CARCASS OUT OF HERE... AND **STAY OUT!**

STUNG TO THE QUICK BY THE MOBSTER'S INSULT, INSPECTOR KING DID NOT DIVULGE THE RESULT OF THEIR TALK...

WHAT DID THAT HOOD SAY, INSPECTOR? YOU WERE PRETTY SORE!

NOTHING, LIEUTENANT! IT'S BETWEEN HIM AND ME!

BUT RUMOR, EVEN IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, TRAVELS FAST! THAT SAME AFTER-NOON, IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER COLLINS...

THAT'S THE STORY, SIR! INSPECTOR KING HIT TORELLI AND THREW HIM OUT OF THE OFFICE!

HMM... THAT'S NOT GOOD...

IT TIES UP TOO CLOSELY WITH THIS LETTER THAT CAME AN HOUR AGO BY SPECIAL MESSENGER!

LETTER, COMMISSIONER?

YES! HERE IT IS!

Dear Commissioner--

There's a crook in your department! He just beat up someone for not giving him a bigger cut! Can you find the joker in your deck?

HOLY SMOKE! THIS IS SERIOUS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, COMMISSIONER?

GET INSPECTOR KING OVER HERE... ON THE DOUBLE!

THE URGENT CALL TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE WAS ANSWERED IN VERY SHORT ORDER!

YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?

I DID, KING! READ THIS...

WHY, THE YELLOW-LIVERED SKUNK!

HOW ABOUT IT, INSPECTOR? WHAT ARE YOUR IDEAS ON THIS?

I'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, SIR! IF ANY ANONYMOUS LETTER IS GOING TO BREAK ME...

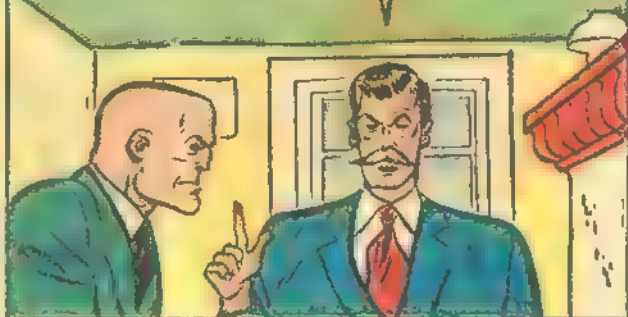
OF COURSE NOT, INSPECTOR! I BELIEVE WHAT EVER YOU HAVE TO SAY-- AND GO ALONG WITH YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR! NOW HERE'S THE STRAIGHT GOODS-- TORELLI CAME TO ME AND THREATENED ME AND MY FAMILY IF I DIDN'T LAY OFF HIM! HE SENT THIS LETTER TO YOU AS A PRELIMINARY TO KILLING ME, FIGURING THAT IF YOU THOUGHT I WAS CROOKED, THE DEPARTMENT WOULDN'T LOOK TOO CAREFULLY FOR MY MURDERER!



SOUNDS LIKE A CROOK'S LOGIC-- **STUPID!!** WE'D GET HIM ANYWAY!

SURE! NOW HERE'S THE POINT! WE KNOW HE'S CROOKED! BUT CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON HIM-- HE'S TOO WELL COVERED! BUT NOW HE'S GETTING SCARED... KNOWS MY MEN ARE ALWAYS ON HIS TRAIL, AND ONE DAY WE'LL NAB HIM... BUT GOOD! ALL HE HAS TO DO IS MAKE ONE MISTAKE--JUST ONE!



AND, COMMISSIONER, HE'S MADE THAT MISTAKE! YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE TOO FAST FOR ME, KING! EXPLAIN, PLEASE!



HE'S GOING TO TRY TO KILL ME, THAT WE KNOW! THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GET HIM---**FOR MURDER!**



WHAT?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? YOU'D SACRIFICE YOURSELF... YOUR LIFE... TO NAB HIM?

BETTER COPS THAN I HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR AGAINST CRIME! I SAID I'D GET TORELLI, AND I WILL, IF IT'S GOT TO BE **OVER MY DEAD BODY!**



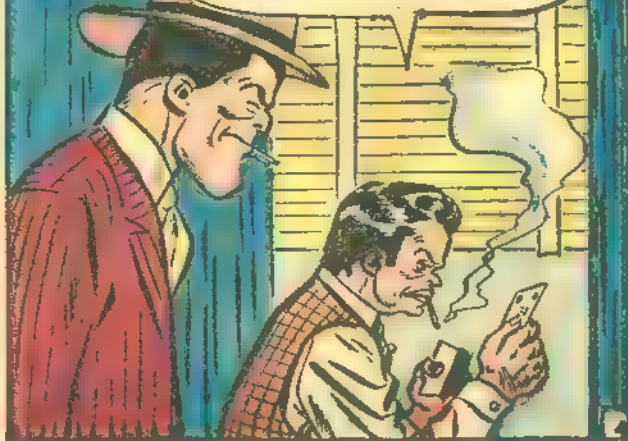
YES, THE HEAT WAS ON INSPECTOR KING! TORELLI WAS OUT TO GET HIM, BUT **HE** WASN'T GOING TO DO THE ACTUAL KILLING! INSTEAD, HE BEGAN TO WEAVE A WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCES DESIGNED TO KEEP HIM IN THE CLEAR! FIRST, HE CALLED IN HIS CHIEF AID, LEFTY LEAMY...

WHAT'S UP, BOSS? I'M GOING ON VACATION, LEFTY! WHILE I'M GONE, I WANT A LITTLE DISPOSAL JOB DONE!



WHO IS IT?

A COPPER WHO'S BEEN IN MY HAIR A LONG TIME--INSPECTOR KING! PASS THE WORD ON DOWN TO A SHARP TORPEDO! IT'S A BIG JOB, SO I'LL PAY 20 GRAND... AND IT'LL BE WORTH EVERY CENT OF IT!



THE WEBB HAD BEEN STARTED!
LEFTY MADE HIS FIRST CONTACT...

SLUGGER, I GOT A
KNOCKOUT JOB FOR
YA! IT'S WORTH 15
GRAND TO YOU!

PAY ME --
AND NAME
THE TARGET!



SLAGGER, TOO, DID HIS PART
TO COVER THE TRAIL...

IT'LL BE A CINCH,
BELLO, AND THERE'S
10 G'S IN IT!

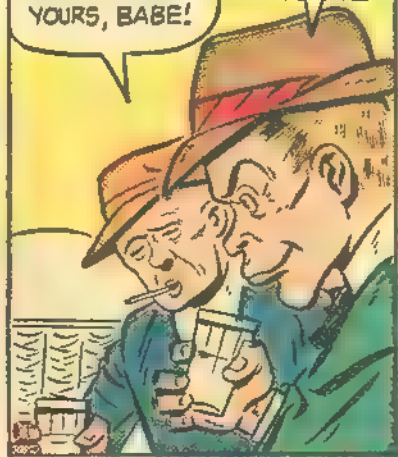
I'LL DO IT,
SLUGGER!



THE SLIMY TRAIL OF THE
UNDERWORLD LED DEEPER YET!

ONE ROOT-TOOT,
AND THE FIVE
THOUSAND IS
YOURS, BABE!

I'M YOUR
BOY, BELLO!



AND LEFTY REPORTED TO HIS CHIEF...

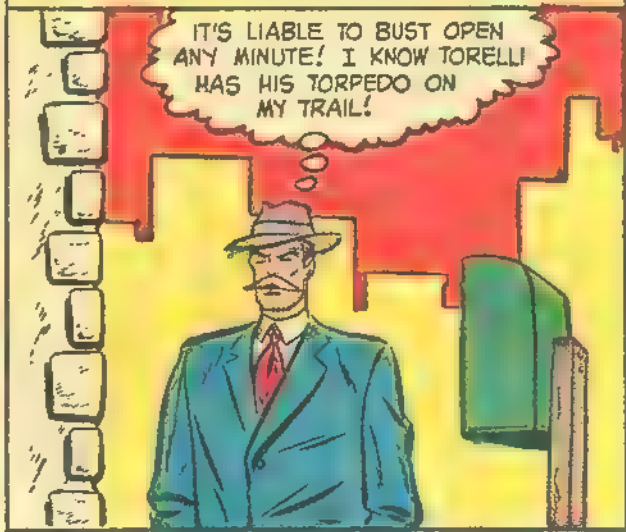
IT'S ALL SET, BOSS! KING'LL
BE A DEAD DUCK TOMORROW
AND NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TO
TRACE IT TO YOU! THERE ARE
TOO MANY FISH IN *THIS* FRY!

NICE GOING,
LEFTY! I'LL
SHOW THAT
SMALL-TIME
COPPER HE
CAN'T FOOL WITH
PIETRO TORELLI!



THE NEXT DAY, INSPECTOR KING WALKED OUT
INTO THE STREETS, KNOWING THAT GANGSTERDOM
HAD MARKED HIM WITH THE FINGER OF DEATH...

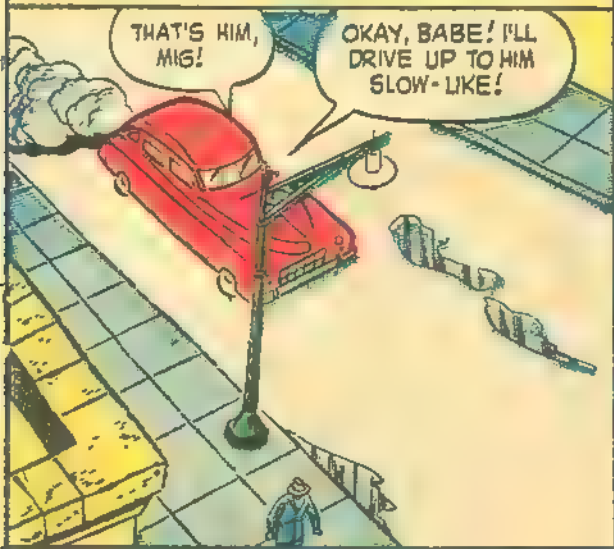
IT'S LIABLE TO BUST OPEN
ANY MINUTE! I KNOW TORELLI
HAS HIS TORPEDO ON
MY TRAIL!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, A SLEEK FAST
CAR PULLED OUT OF A SIDE STREET...

THAT'S HIM,
MIG!

OKAY, BABE! I'LL
DRIVE UP TO HIM
SLOW-LIKE!



AND TORELLI, SAFE IN HIS UPTOWN HIDEOUT,
GLOATED IN ANTICIPATION...

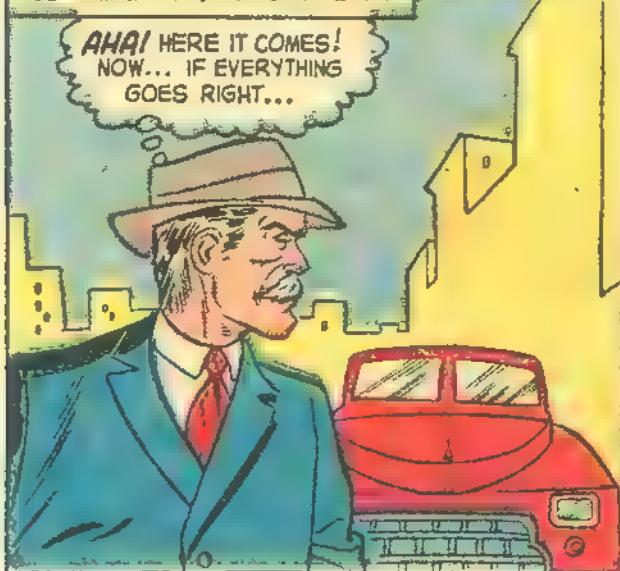
GOSH, PETE, YOU NEVER
TAKE ME OUT ANYMORE
LIKE YOU DID BEFORE
WE GOT MARRIED!

RELAX, HONEY...IN
JUST ABOUT A MINUTE,
I'M GETTING A PEST
OUTTA MY HAIR!



BUT THE EXPRESSION ON KING'S FACE WOULD HAVE SURPRISED THE GANG RULER...

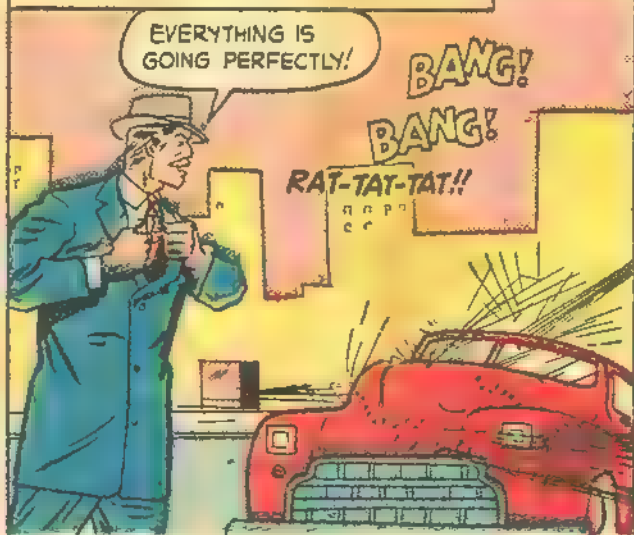
AHA! HERE IT COMES!
NOW... IF EVERYTHING
GOES RIGHT...



JUST AS THE ASSASSINS' CAR CAME DOWN THE STREET, A FUSILLADE OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS HALTED IT IN ITS TRACKS...

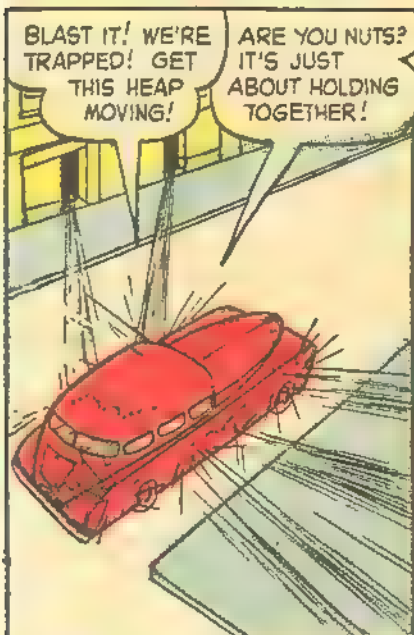
EVERYTHING IS
GOING PERFECTLY!

BANG!
BANG!
RAT-TAT-TAT!!



BLAST IT! WE'RE
TRAPPED! GET
THIS HEAP
MOVING!

ARE YOU NUTS?
IT'S JUST
ABOUT HOLDING
TOGETHER!



I'M SHOOTING
MY WAY OUT
OF THIS TRAP!

BABE! DON'T
LEAVE... UGHH!



GET HIM **ALIVE**,
FELLOWS! I'VE GOT
SOME QUESTIONS
I WANT TO ASK
THAT SKUNK!

RIGHT,
INSPECTOR!



THAT'S ALL,
PUNK! YOU'RE
THROUGH!

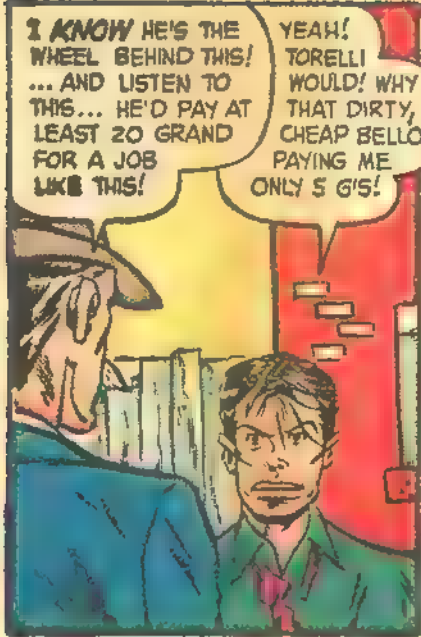
M-M-MY HAND!



LISTEN, YOU NO-GOOD
WEASEL! TORELLI
HIRED YOU FOR THIS,
DIDN'T HE? WHERE'S
HE HIDING OUT?

TORELLI? THE
BIG FELLOW? **NAW**,
HE DIDN'T
HIRE ME!





I KNOW HE'S THE WHEEL BEHIND THIS! ... AND LISTEN TO THIS... HE'D PAY AT LEAST 20 GRAND FOR A JOB LIKE THIS!

YEAH! TORELLI WOULD! WHY THAT DIRTY, CHEAP BELLO! PAYING ME ONLY 5 G'S!



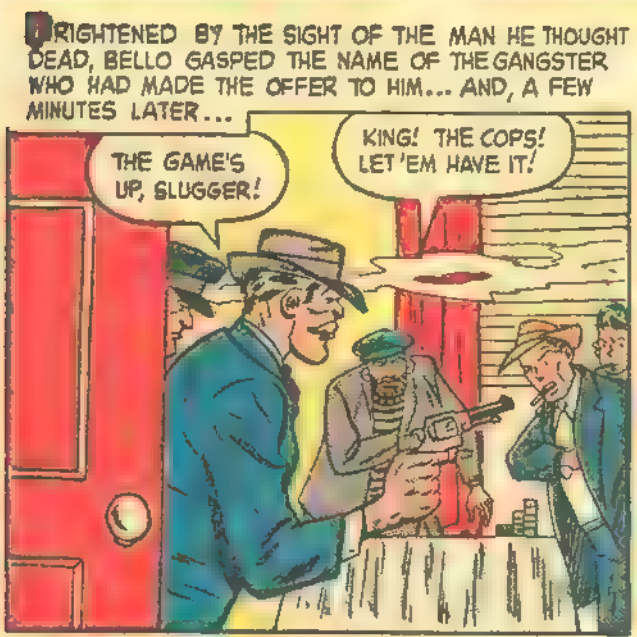
BELLO! THAT'S BELLO VERGON, INSPECTOR!

I KNOW! TAKE THIS HOOD IN... BELLO'S MY PROPERTY! COME ON, BOYS!



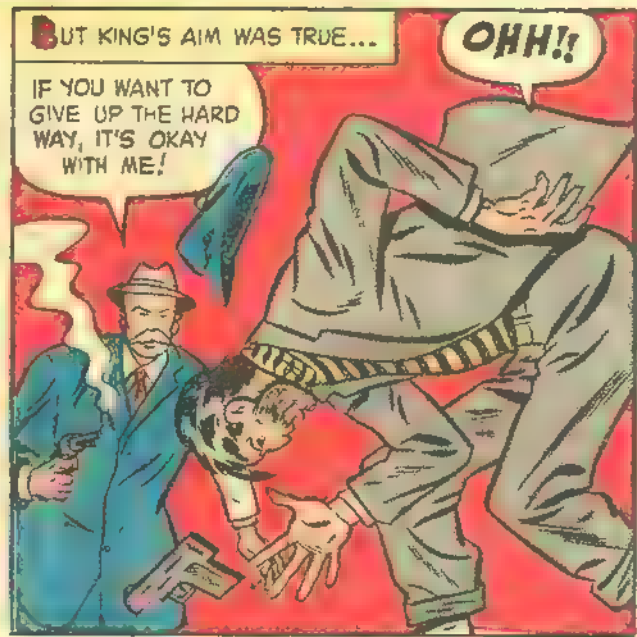
A LITTLE LATER... K-K-KING!

YEAH, BELLO! SURPRISED? THOUGHT I'D BE ON A SLAB BY NOW, DIDN'T YOU?



THE GAME'S UP, SLUGGER!

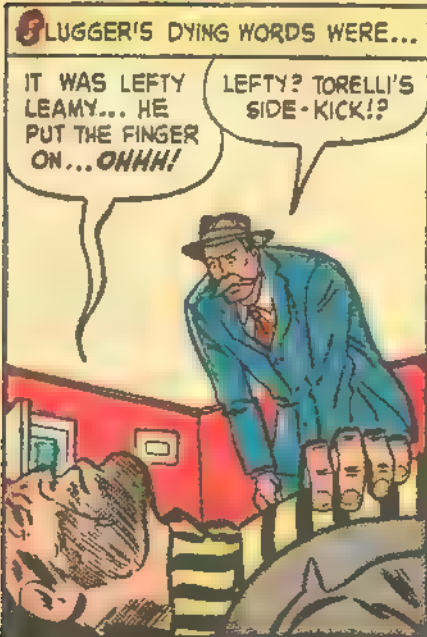
KING! THE COPS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



BUT KING'S AIM WAS TRUE...

IF YOU WANT TO GIVE UP THE HARD WAY, IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

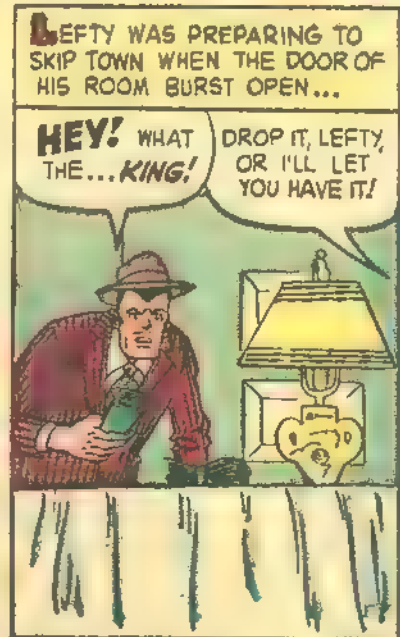
OHH!!



SLUGGER'S DYING WORDS WERE...

IT WAS LEFTY LEAMY... HE PUT THE FINGER ON... OHHH!

LEFTY? TORELLI'S SIDE-KICK!?



LEFTY WAS PREPARING TO SKIP TOWN WHEN THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM BURST OPEN...

HEY! WHAT THE... KING!

DROP IT, LEFTY, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!



WHAT'S THE B-B-BEEF, INSPECTOR?

STOW THE BLUFF! WHERE IS TORELLI?

TORELLI? WHO? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

NO? OKAY! THEN **YOU** TAKE THE RAP FOR TRYING TO KILL ME, LEFTY!

NOT **ME!** I'LL TALK! IT WAS TORELLI! HE'S UP IN HIS HIDE-OUT... 222 WIGGAM STREET!

NICE GOING, LEFTY! TYPICAL MOBSTER LOYALTY, I CALL IT! JOE, TAKE H.M. IN!

BUT, INSPECTOR... HOW ABOUT TORELLI?

THAT CHEAP HOOD? I'M GOING AFTER HIM -- **ALONE!** I'LL TEACH HIM TO THREATEN THE LAW!

MEANWHILE...

WELL, SUGAR, WHAT NIGHT CLUB DO YOU WANT TO GO TO TONIGHT? WE'VE GOT TO CELEBRATE-- IT'S A BIG OCCASION!

OH PIETRO, AT LAST!

YEAH! Y'KNOW, I FEEL LIKE TAKING A NICE WALK TO SOME NIGHT CLUB! LOOK OUTSIDE AND SEE HOW THE WEATHER IS!

SURE, PIETRO! I'LL SEE!

OH... SUGAR...

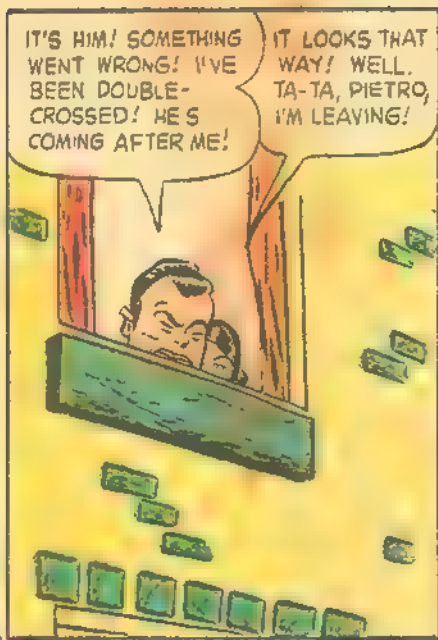
YEAH, BABY?

D.D YOU SAY YOUR BOYS BUMPED OFF INSPECTOR KING?

THAT'S RIGHT, BABY! SO WHAT ABOUT IT?

WELL, HIS GHOST IS COMING UP THE STREET!

WHAT!



IT'S HIM! SOMETHING WENT WRONG! I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! HE'S COMING AFTER ME!

IT LOOKS THAT WAY! WELL, TA-TA, PIETRO, I'M LEAVING!



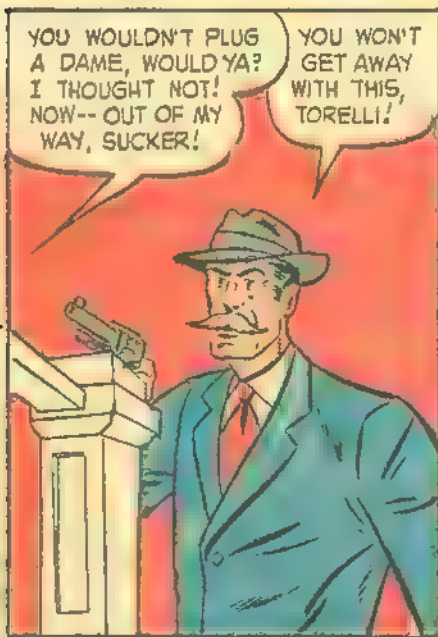
OH, YEAH? NOT SO FAST, BABY! YOU MARRIED ME FOR BETTER OR WORSE, REMEMBER?

PETE! WH-WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?



SUDDENLY...
GO AHEAD KING, SHOOT.

DON'T! DON'T, YOU'LL HIT ME!



YOU WOULDN'T PLUG A DAME, WOULD YA? I THOUGHT NOT! NOW-- OUT OF MY WAY, SUCKER!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, TORELLI!



KING THOUGHT QUICKLY! HIS QUARRY WAS GETTING AWAY...

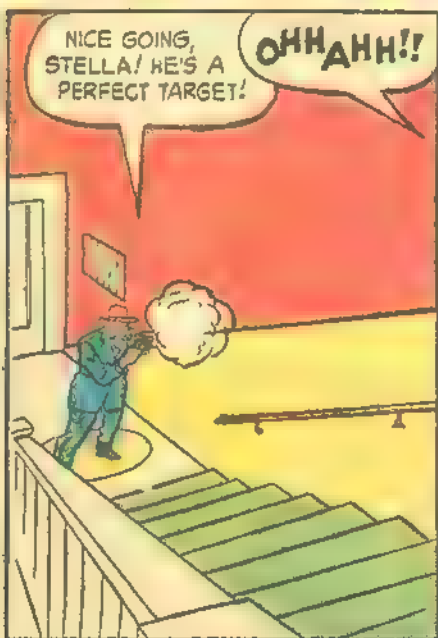
STELLA! BE SMART! YOU CAN'T RUN FROM THE LAW ALL YOUR LIFE! DO SOMETHING... NOW!

HAW! WHAT CAN SHE DO? HAW!



...THIS!

UGH!!

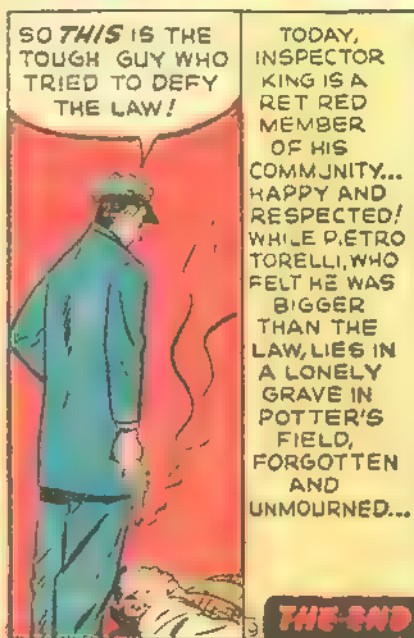


NICE GOING, STELLA! HE'S A PERFECT TARGET!

OHH AHHH!!



...AND THE BODY OF THE EX-KING OF THE GANGS HURTLIED HEAVILY DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS...



SO THIS IS THE TOUGH GUY WHO TRIED TO DEFEY THE LAW!

TODAY, INSPECTOR KING IS A RET RED MEMBER OF HIS COMMUNITY... HAPPY AND RESPECTED! WHILE PIETRO TORELLI, WHO FELT HE WAS BIGGER THAN THE LAW, LIES IN A LONELY GRAVE IN POTTER'S FIELD, FORGOTTEN AND UNMOURNED...

THE END

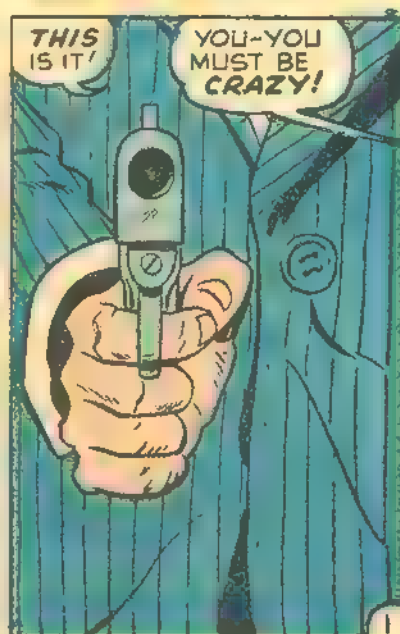
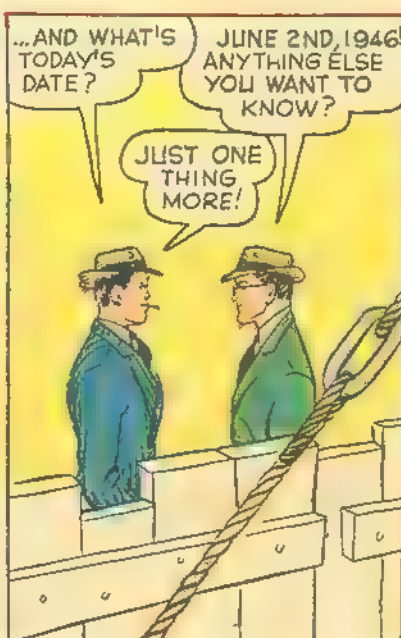
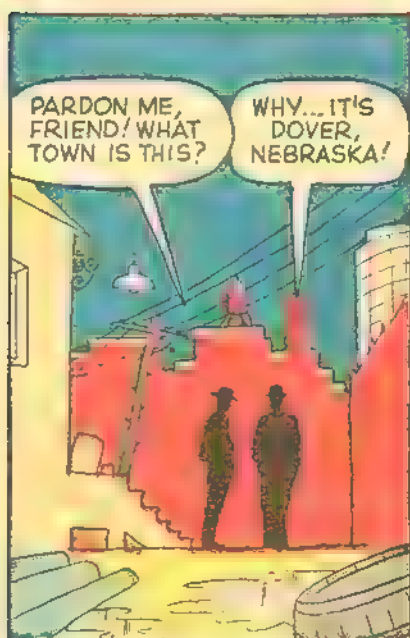
"FIND THE MOTIVE, AND YOU SOON
FIND THE KILLER" WAS AN OLD
POLICE ADAGE!

BUT WHAT WERE THE POLICE
OF DOVER, NEBRASKA, TO DO IN
THAT MONTH OF JUNE, 1946,
WHEN THEY WERE CONFRONTED BY...



"MURDER WITHOUT MOTIVE!"

502C



ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



MEBBE SO-MEBBE NOT!
SO LONG, BUD! I'VE GOT
NO TIME TO WASTE TALKING
TO YOU!

NO! NO!



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY,
A LOCAL RESIDENT, OUT
FOR A BRISK EVENING
WALK, HEARD A STARTLING
CRY OF ANGUISH!

HELP!
HELP!



... AND A SHOT!

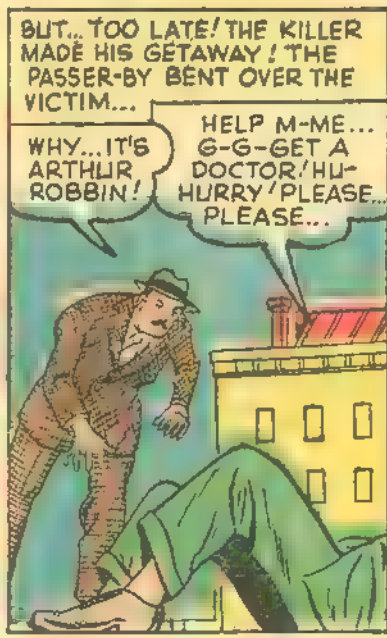
BANG!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
THAT
WAS A
GUNSHOT!



THE PASSER-BY RUSHED UP--
JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE
MYSTERY-MAN RUSH AWAY!

STOP! HEY,
YOU, STOP!



BUT... TOO LATE! THE KILLER
MADE HIS GETAWAY! THE
PASSER-BY BENT OVER THE
VICTIM...

WHY... IT'S
ARTHUR
ROBBIN!

HELP M-ME...
G-G-GET A
DOCTOR! HURRY!
PLEASE! PLEASE...



WHO DID IT,
MR. ROBBIN?
WHO SHOT
YOU?

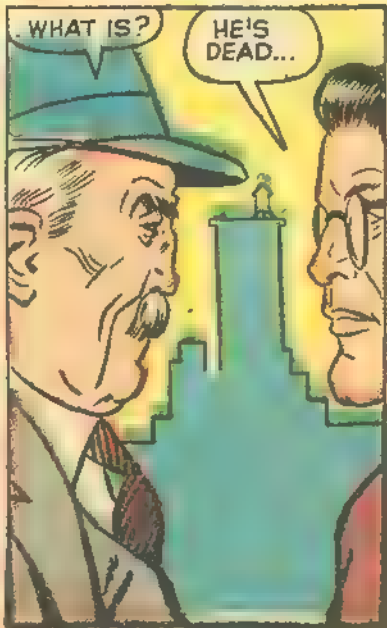
I KNOW... BUT...
I'LL TAKE...
CARE OF HIM...
MYSELF! A
DOCTOR...
PLEASE!



MOMENTS LATER, THE ALLEY
WAS FILLED WITH OFFICIALS
OF THE LAW...

HOW IS
HE, DOC?

HMMM... THAT'S
FUNNY!



WHAT IS?

HE'S
DEAD...



WHAT'S SO
FUNNY? HE
WAS SHOT,
WASN'T HE?

YES...

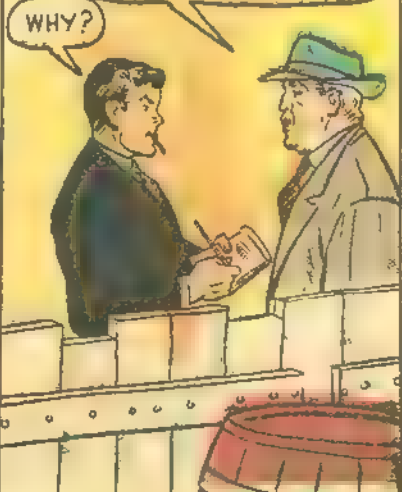
BUT THAT'S NOT THE CAUSE OF DEATH--THE BULLET PIERCED HIS SHOULDER! THERE'S A BUMP ON HIS HEAD! ROBBIN WAS BEATEN TO DEATH!



WELL, INSPECTOR... I DO, DO YOU HAVE A STATEMENT FOR THE COURIER? THE POLICE HAVE MORE THAN A ROUTINE INTEREST IN THIS MURDER!



YOU SEE, ARTHUR ROBBIN WAS A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR FOR THE DEPARTMENT, ENGAGED IN WORK ON AN IMPORTANT CASE!



WELL, YOU'VE GOT A MOTIVE, ANYWAY! JUST FIND OUT WHO HE WAS INVESTIGATING AND YOU'LL FIND HIS KILLER!



YOU'VE GOT A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK IN THIS CASE! IT'S A CINH IT'S GOT TO BE BROKEN --OR THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE UNDER-WORLD, INSPECTOR!



WHEN BILL CONWAY PHONED HIS STORY INTO HIS PAPER...

OKAY, BILL, NOW STICK TO IT! WORK WITH THE POLICE ON THE CASE UNTIL IT'S BROKEN!



...AND IT'S GOT TO BE BROKEN!

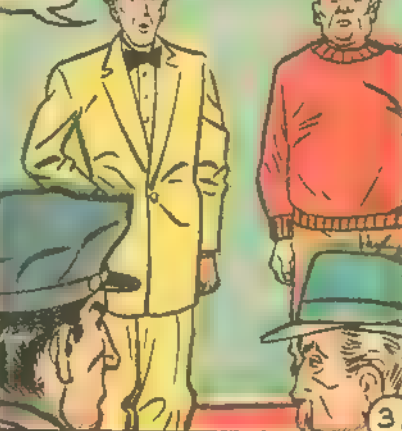


RIGHT, CHIEF! I'LL FOLLOW THROUGH!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! EVERY LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN OF OUR CITY IS UP IN ARMS OVER THE BRUTAL MURDER OF ARTHUR ROBBIN!

EVERY KNOWN MOBSTER WAS PULLED INTO THE LINE-UP AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



THE POLICE INFORMERS, STOOL-PIGEONS OF THE UNDERWORLD, WERE ALSO AT A LOSS...

HONEST, CHIEF, DERE AIN'T BEEN A WOID ABOUT WHO DONE IT! MUSTA BEEN AN IMPORTED HOOD!

KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN! THERE'S A \$1,000 REWARD FOR THE RIGHT INFORMATION!

THE AUTOPSY ON THE BODY SHOWED...

OUR ANALYSIS IS CONFIRMED! DEATH WAS CAUSED BY A BLOW ON THE HEAD...

EXAMINATIONS OF THE GROUNDS PROVED...

...NOTHING! NO PRINTS ...NO EVIDENCE...NO MURDER WEAPON...NOTHING! NOT A SINGLE CLUE!

AND NO MOTIVE! NO ONE KNEW ABOUT HIS WORK, CHIEF, AND HE WASN'T ROBBED! SO THERE WAS NO REASON TO KILL HIM..

HMM...

THERE'S *GOT* TO BE A MOTIVE! THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* THE POLICE HAVE OVERLOOKED ...SOME SEEMINGLY UNIMPORTANT TRIVIALITY! NOW WHAT IS IT? *THINK, MAN...THINK!*

THINK? GOSH CHIEF, WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DOING? WHY, I...

WAIT.. A... MINUTE! WAIT. A... MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT!

W-W-WHAT?

THERE IS SOMETHING WE'VE ALL OVERLOOKED-- IT'S SO SMALL... AND STILL SO OBVIOUS!

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! WHAT IS IT?

LISTEN, BILL, HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO!

YES.. YES...

WHEN THE EDITOR HAD FINISHED OUTLINING HIS SCHEME...

WOW! THAT'S IT, CHIEF!

NOW HOP TO IT! AND DON'T FORGET I WANT IT EXCLUSIVE!

HURRIEDLY, CONWAY DASHED TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

THIS'LL BLOW THE CASE WIDE OPEN, IF INSPECTOR BEARDSLEY AGREES TO FOLLOW THROUGH!

THE INSPECTOR DID AGREE!

EDITOR CONSIDINE'S GOT A GOOD REP WITH ME, BILL! AND HIS IDEA SOUNDS SOLID!

THEN YOU'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT?

OF COURSE I WILL!... JOE, GET ROBERT HASSEL IN HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

HASSEL? ROBERT HASSEL? ER WHO'S HE, INSPECTOR?

THE GUY WHO DISCOVERED THE BODY OF ROBBIN! GET HIM--ON THE DOUBLE!

YES, SIR!

ROBERT HASSEL, THE PASSER-BY WHO HAD HEARD THE SHOT AND DISCOVERED THE KILLING, WAS PICKED UP AT HIS OFFICE-- AND TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS...

SORRY TO HAVE TO CALL YOU IN LIKE THIS, MR. HASSEL, BUT WE'VE DISCOVERED A NEW CLUE YOU CAN HELP US WITH!

QUITE ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR!

GOOD! YES, I THINK YOU CAN HELP US FIND THE MURDERER WE'RE LOOKING FOR! NOW THEN, WHERE DO YOU WORK?

ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP THE POLICE!

I'M A PARTNER IN THE LAW FIRM OF SMYTHE, THORNE, AND SMYTHE! BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH

JUST ROUTINE, MR. HASSEL! EXCUSE ME A MOMENT! JOE, COME IN HERE!

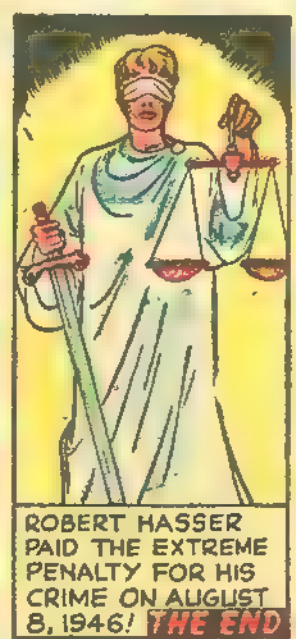
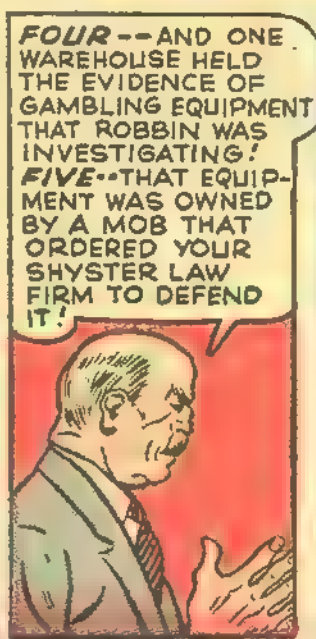
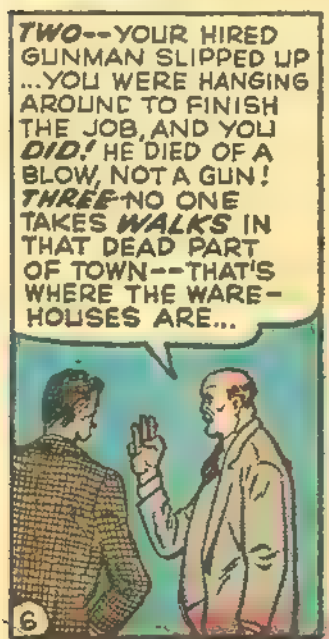
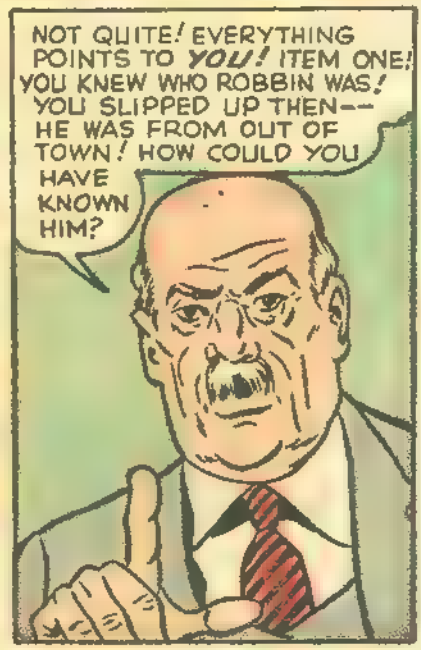
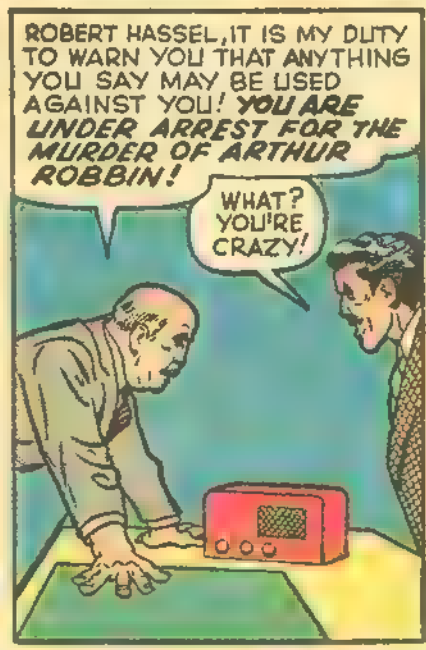
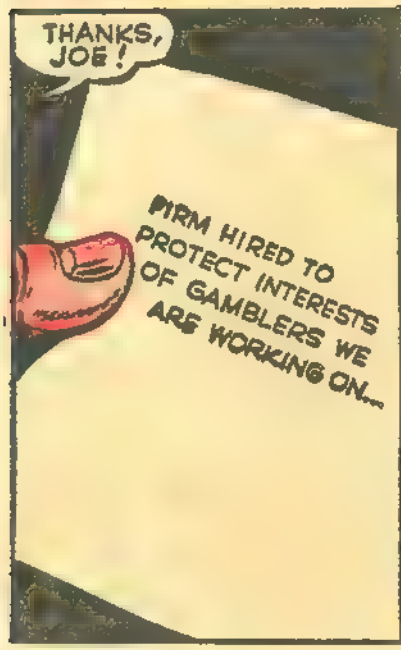
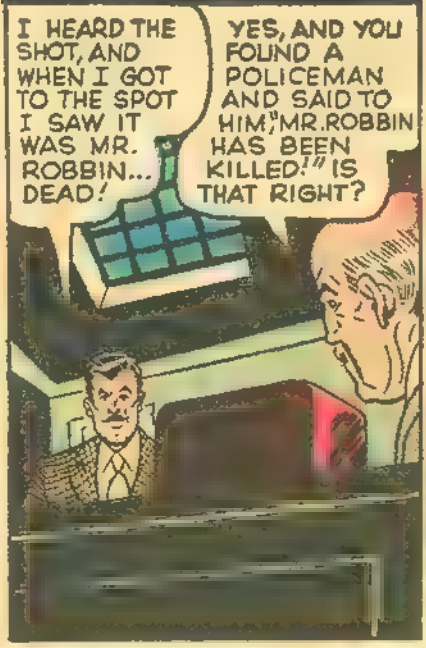
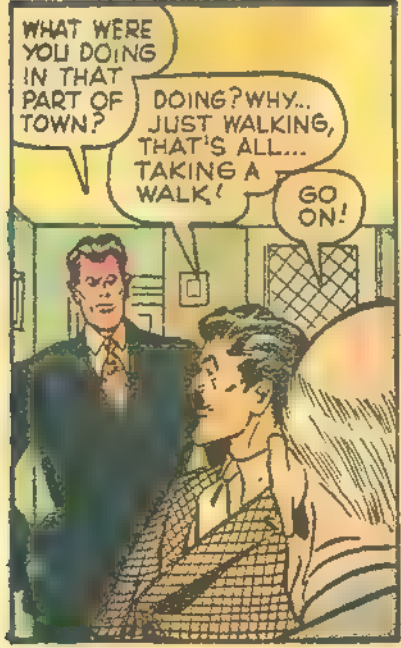
CHECK THIS FOR ME, WILL YOU?

YES, SIR!

Check Smythe, Thorne, & Smythe

NEXT, PLEASE GO OVER YOUR STORY AGAIN AS YOU TOLD IT TO US!

VERY WELL! I WAS PASSING BY CLINTON AND DOVER STREET WHEN I HEARD A CRY FOR HELP!



Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.



Miss Nancy Meco, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.



Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. 101
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City State

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

HERE AT LONG LAST!

NEW Sensational Child's Portable RADIO

RADIO

BUILT INTO A PHONE

DIALS

FAVORITE PROGRAMS

a **DA-MYCO** product

NOT A TOY

But a Real **CHILD'S RADIO**

Complete with **MAGIC AERIAL** at No Extra Cost

Your Favorite Programs Come to You Through the Receiver!

Yes, here at last is a modern, streamlined CHILD'S RADIO which brings in your favorite radio programs—like magic. Imagine, you can actually hear broadcasts coming from stations 100 miles away! Just turn the dial to your favorite program and PRESTO it's there—clear, and with plenty of volume. It's the radio sensation of the year!! Uses tube and batteries no larger than your finger. Easy to replace—inexpensive, too. Has many features found only in very expensive sets. Limited supply at the sensationally low introductory price of only \$4.98 plus \$1.00 for batteries. Order YOURS today. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID!

NOT A CRYSTAL SET, BUT A GENUINE PORTABLE CHILD'S RADIO!

TUNE IN RANGER
Gets Buck Rogers . . .
Brings in the "Shadow"

This is a real battery radio which tunes in stations at the "twist of the dial." Powerful for its size—clear as a bell. Precision built. A complete one tube radio built into a miniature plastic telephone. A PERSONAL radio for every child to enjoy.

SEND NO MONEY!

Simply fill in name and address on coupon—then mail. On arrival of Radio-Phone pay postman only \$4.98 and \$1.00 for batteries, plus C. O. D. postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back if returned postpaid (untampered with) in 10 days time. Save money by sending cash with order. Then, we pay postage. Rush order TODAY while present limited supply lasts.

American Merchandising Co., Dept. RT-14

9 Madison Avenue

Montgomery 4, Alabama

Check These New Exciting Features

- PRIVATE earphone prevents disturbing others.
- Picks up stations within 100 miles.
- Automatic ON and OFF switch.
- Broadcast reception 540 to 1600 kilocycles.
- Patented compression-type condenser.
- New powerhouse batteries (extra long life—replaceable.)
- Highly selective tuning dial.
- Built into special streamlined plastic case that looks like a miniature telephone.

Factory Guaranteed

Every Radio-Phone carries a written factory guarantee against defects in material or workmanship. Satisfaction guaranteed when used as directed.

only **\$4.98** COMPLETE

Plus \$1.00 for NEW POWERHOUSE LONG LASTING BATTERIES

EXTRA!
FOR PROMPTNESS
IN ORDERING

If you will RUSH your order today, you will receive FREE of extra cost the amazing, new MAGIC AERIAL which will make your Radio-Phone do wonders for you.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. RT-14
9 Madison Ave., Montgomery 4, Alabama

Please rush my 1 tube CHILD'S PORTABLE Radio-Phone with batteries. On arrival, I will pay postman \$4.98 and \$1.00 for batteries (total \$5.98) plus C. O. D. postage. If I'm not delighted I can return postpaid and untampered with for my money back within 10 days time.

() Send C. O. D. () Enclosed please find cash, send prepaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**IF YOU
CAN WHISTLE-
or
HUM A TUNE-**

"HOPPY" WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY THE **METAL**

HARMONICA

In 15 Minutes — Or Money Back



WITH TRUE TONE METAL REEDS **ONLY \$1.69**
SENT ON SEVEN DAY APPROVAL

Learn to play in a day or it costs you nothing! We make this daring offer to every man or woman, boy or girl who enjoys music and who would like to play the harmonica. Now, for the first time, you can get a nationally advertised, genuine metal professional harmonica, and receive as a gift Hoppy's new method for playing it. Along with the music and the words to 200 of your favorite songs — songs that were selected so that you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records. Expert harmonica players will tell you that the best harmonicas are the easiest ones to play. The harmonica you receive in this amazing offer is the full size metal professional model of the very finest quality. It comes in the Key of C so that you can accompany any other music. Each metal reed is individually tuned and tested. *You cannot buy a harmonica with finer workmanship, no matter how much you pay.* Hoppy's new discovery for showing you how to play makes it as simple as ABC and it's lots of fun. *Anyone who can whistle or hum a tune — and count up to ten can learn so quickly that it is unbelievable!* Most people say that this amazing method itself is worth the \$1.69 price of the harmonica! Order your harmonica now while this introductory offer is being made. Remember, Hoppy guarantees that you will soon be playing song hits of all kinds or your money back!

IN THIS AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER You get all this for only \$1.69!

- Nationally Advertised Harmonica with True Tone Metal Reed
- Hoppy's New Method of Instruction for Harmonica
- Words and Music of 200 Songs Chosen for Radio Popularity

SEND NO MONEY—ORDER TODAY

Just send your name and address on penny postcard. Your beautiful Key of C professional metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions and 200 Songs will be mailed at once. On arrival, pay postman just \$1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. Keep for 7 days on free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, return and your money will be refunded at once. Supplies are limited. Don't risk disappointment. Order now—TODAY!

**HOPKINSON HARMONICA CO., Dept. 108,
1101 N. Paulina St., Chicago 22, Illinois**

GOSH, JEAN, THAT'S A SWELL HARMONICA, AND YOU SURE CAN PLAY IT. I WISH I COULD!



IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA, HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS. —ALL FOR ONLY \$1.69



ONLY \$1.69 FOR ALL THAT? BOY, I'M SURE GOING TO SEND FOR IT RIGHT AWAY!



**HOPKINSON HARMONICA CO., Dept. 108
1101 N. PAULINA ST., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS**

Rush my genuine Key of C Professional Metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions along with the music and words of 200 songs to me at once. On arrival I will deposit just \$1.69 plus postage. If in 7 days I am not thrilled and delighted I may return purchase for my money back.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Boys! Girls! PRIZES GIVEN

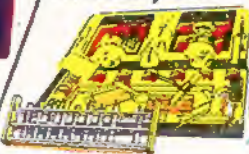


WRIST WATCH



A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus \$1.50 extra.

Chemistry Set



Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order.



OVER NIGHT BAG



Full mirror in lid; strong lock & key. Sell one order plus \$1.50 extra.

SOFT BALL SET

Official Size set. Cap, Softball and bat. Sell one order of American Seeds.



Campfire Ukulele

Full size. Decorated with Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order.



FISHING TACKLE SET

Big 11 piece fishing outfit in metal case. Sell one order plus 75c extra.



TWO TELEPHONES

for person-to-person calls, between houses; or from floor to floor. Runs on 4 Flashlight batteries, included. Sell one order of seeds plus \$2.00.



DICK TRACY CAMERA

Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film, carrying case included. Sell one order of seeds.



Famous Texan Jr.

All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Jeweled Belt. Sell one order of American Seeds.



POCKET WATCH

Standard size, American-made, with leather Fob. Sell one order.



SWEETHEART DOLL

Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of American Seeds.



DAISY'S
RED RYDER
CARBINE

HEY
FELLOWS!

Here's a real he-man gun out of the Golden West. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order of American Seeds, plus \$2.00 extra.



COMPLETE BASKETBALL SET

Full-size ball with steel goal and net. Sell one order of seeds plus \$1.25 extra.



SHOW HOME MOVIES



50 ft. of Cowboy film. Sell one order plus \$3.50 extra.

Get this 16 MM Excel Projector, including

Dresser Set

Full size Comb, Brush and Mirror, beautifully decorated. Sell one order of seeds.



POCKET WATCH

Standard size,

American-made, with leather Fob. Sell one order.



GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

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shown in our Big Prize Sheet
Pen and Pencil Set
Electric Phonograph
Flash Camera Outfit
Boxing Gloves
Jewelry and Clocks
Kitchen Utensils
Croquet Set
Sports Equipment
Jeweled Watches
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OUR 31st YEAR

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DEPT. 802 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R. F. D. Box
or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____